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ATHANASION.

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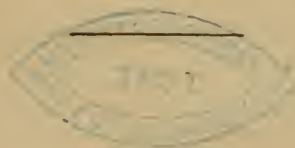
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TO
THE REV'D A. JACKSON, M. A.

PROFESSOR OF INT. AND MOR. PHILOSOPHY IN WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

An ode written for the ASSOCIATE ALUMNI OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE, and pronounced before them at their annual commemoration, could not, without manifest impropriety, be dedicated to any other than yourself, as their presiding head. But, it is with other considerations that I have chosen to give ATHANASION any inscription at all. The friendship with which you have honored me, and the hours which I was privileged to pass in your company, in the intervals of Commencement-week at Hartford, are my motive and apology, for thus troubling your patience and your name.

I trust you will accept the dedication as it is given—in record of one of the happiest weeks I have known: a week which I shall long remember, and in which I cannot but think I have made some acquaintances whom I may call friends through life.

With sincere regard, Reverend and Dear Sir,

Your affectionate,

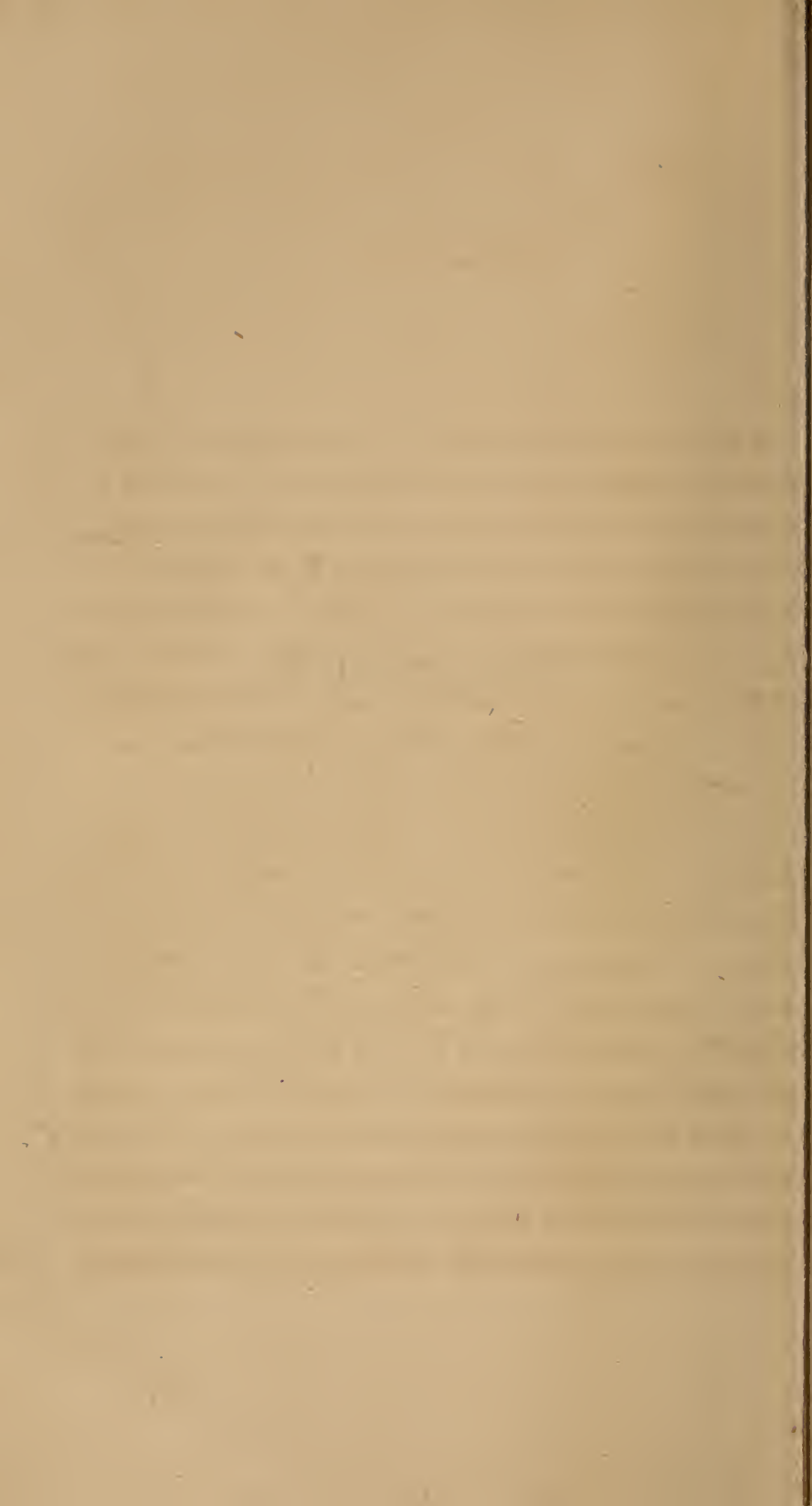
C.

Chelsea, August, 1840.

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ATHANASION.



P R E F A C E .

ATHANASION was written in the Spring of 1840. After the greater part was in manuscript, I acceded to an invitation from the Alumni of Washington College, to pronounce a Poem before them at their annual commemoration in the coming August. It was accordingly produced on that occasion in CHRIST CHURCH, at Hartford. At the further instance of the Alumni, it was afterwards published with several Notes, and has since experienced some variety of fortune in the criticisms it has attracted. While it remains, I suppose, still unknown to the public at large, it has not been unsuccessful in obtaining the notice of those for whom it was written ; and while, in some instances, I have been sorry to see its principles misstated, and evidently misunderstood, I have to acknowledge, on the other hand, a cordiality of approval from others, which I had scarcely anticipated from any. In justice to the association at whose request it was first printed, however, I desire to corroborate here the intimation of an anonymous contributor to an Eastern

journal, that the association which requested it for the press, has no responsibility for the Notes, since they were not delivered with the Poem. I desire to add, that I never dreamed of sharing any *responsibility* whatever, either for Poem or Notes, with my valued friends who published the first edition. I considered their kind action in the matter as only a courteous expression of a willingness, on their part, to read at leisure what they had heard very hurriedly uttered. Had I but suspected otherwise, I should have declined a civility offered with such obvious disadvantage to themselves. While I regret, therefore, that such an implication should have been hinted so gratuitously—I trust *so thoughtlessly*—I suffer it to give me no more concern, especially as it called forth a generous rejoinder in the same journal, and many amiable private assurances, that I have not been so unfortunate as to differ much from my Hartford friends, even in my most obnoxious annotation.

At all events, I am thankful for an opportunity of sending out a new and corrected edition of the whole. I received, last Fall, the intelligence that such an edition was in demand. It is the first of my writings to which such an honour has been extended ; the *last* for which I should have predicted the good fortune. To the former title-page I affixed the motto $\phi\omega\nu\alpha\nu\tau\alpha\ \sigma\upsilon\nu\epsilon\tau\omicron\iota\sigma\iota\nu$,

not with an affectation of Pindaric self-satisfaction, but with reference to the Immortal themes—the Athanasia—which I had ventured to treat in the abused and degraded form of song. The motto sufficiently denoted the tribunal at which I desired to be heard, and judged: but as I have not escaped indictment and conviction in courts where I had scarce expected to be examined, I have endeavoured now, by the aid of fuller notes, and language less liable to misconstruction, to obtain from such, a reverse of judgment. My unprofessional, or Calvinistic, reader will be doing me only justice to remember, that the Church is not responsible for the foreign, or novel, meanings which the various dissenting sects attach to ancient and settled terms of Catholic Theology. The want of this fair dealing is the occasion not only of much false accusation against her friends and children, but also of much illiberal prejudice against her venerable Ritual, and primitive Liturgy. A popular definition of Regeneration, *for instance*, united with a very prevalent idea of the indefectibility of the once regenerate, leads many, when they read a baptismal office eighteen hundred years old, with their modern and provincial glossary, to assert, with full conviction of their honesty, that the pillar and ground of the Truth is setting forth the absurdest of lies. Such have been taught,

perhaps, that Regeneration is an act of the adult mind, under the influences of the HOLY SPIRIT, by which it becomes irrevocably a child of God, and so *must be* saved. Such acts of the mind as are here referred to, the CHURCH has ever regarded as that *faith* and *repentance* which are prerequisites indeed to adoption as a child of God: but the *begetting from above* itself, as its very language implies, is defined by her, in all her standards, as an operation of the HOLY GHOST, in which the subject is passive,—and by which, in the Sacrament of Holy Baptism, the redeemed inhabitants of earth receive a title to the benefits of CHRIST'S blessed atonement and death. This can only be bestowed on terms of repentance and faith; but to those who duly receive it, pardon and remission are sealed; grace is given; in which, *if they continue to watch and pray*, they will grow, and make their calling and election sure. They are “born of water and the Spirit,” and have received the “washing of regeneration;” they are “children of God by faith,” and have “put on CHRIST;” but they are on a *probation*, in which they may *fall*; running a *race*, in which they may not *obtain the prize*; and enduring a *trial*, from which they may come out *cast-away*. They are partakers of a new nature, although “babes in CHRIST;” they are *regenerate*, but not *saved*, and must work out

their salvation with fear and trembling. Every evangelical act is thus included, and the sacrament of baptism itself regarded as *deeply Spiritual*,—not a bare and valueless ceremony, but a glorious investiture from God.

If for making this sublime truth of the ever-blessed Gospel the very hypothesis of my Poem, I have been a sufferer with the Church herself, I confess I am not ashamed ; but I add, that I am deeply *sorry*. *To convince*, and not *to enjoy the aristocracy of being right*, must be the burning desire and effort of all, who, to the fearfully responsible name of Christian, wear the almost synonymous prefix of Catholic. I trust, therefore, that these explanations will be received as kindly, as they are honestly, and earnestly offered.

To the charge of presumption which has been preferred against my choice of divine philosophy for my rhymes, I can only answer, that I am a soldier of CHRIST, and as such, must sing, if I sing at all, with Tyrtæus, and not with Anacreon. If there is a period in our young life, when Poetry, for its own sake is absorbingly dear, and our days are fervently devoted to the worship of external and imaginative beauty, it must be before we have exhausted our arithmetic in estimating the worth of the Undying Soul within us, and concluded, over the unfinished reckoning, that the

glory of the world, and the Prince that offers it, are too poor to bargain with us for that. But when the fatherly chastisement of our God has scourged us from our idolatry, into a sublime adoration of His own inconceivable nature,—into a hope, through JESUS CHRIST, of dwelling with Him in the eternal years of high and noble happiness, which he has in store for the heirs of Immortality,—I know of no return more filial, or more natural, than a consecration to his service, of whatever may have been gathered before, for a meaner shrine, or vowed to a God unknown. It is a time of battle and of conflict; the foes of the Redeemer wage a fierce war against Him, and false friends have torn his very body. Is this a time

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nææra's hair?

We are called to a severer work. The trumpet, not the lute—the war-song, not the love-lay, are the only music that can be endured in our camp. When Athanasion was written, I was a divinity student at Chelsea, beginning to realize something of what it was to be even a cadet in CHRIST's army. I was called to deliver a Poem before a Christian College, and in a Christian Church. I should have been unworthy of the diocese in which I was a candidate for Orders, and of the beloved school of the Prophets where I was

learning the Church's story and her wants, had I chosen the occasion and the place for a mere twaddle about literature—the beautiful, and the sublime. Since then, I have been recommended to my Bishop as one who had neither written nor taught any-thing contrary to sound doctrine; and, so recommended, I have been solemnly ordained to the lowly order of a deacon in the Church of God. I do not see that I have yet any release from devoting every energy to my Master's work; and while I trust, in the language of the Ordinal, that I shall be “so modest, humble, and constant, with a ready will to obey all Spiritual discipline, that, having always the testimony of a good conscience, and continuing ever stable and strong in CHRIST, I may so well behave myself in this inferior office as to be found worthy of a higher ministry,” I yet moreover pray, that, like the first deacons, St. Stephen Protomartyr, and St. Philip Evangelist, I may have always an answer for the Synagogue of the libertines, or be ready to run after the chariot of any modern Indich, who, with the Scriptures in his hand, driving away from Jerusalem, and understands not what he reads. Is it not “using the office of a deacon well,” to purchase to ourselves *great boldness in the faith*, besides a *good degree*?

Suffice it only to add, that Faith and Love are the

principles, *from* and *to* which the Poem is humbly addressed. I send it forth anew, in search of earnest minds, that, like mine own, are endeavouring, though feebly, to get free from the cheerless, sensual, clogging, debasing, heathenizing influences, which stick like bird-lime, to every wing that would rise into purer and more heavenly atmosphere, from the dull earth, and contaminated air of—what one has named in our behalf—THE AGE OF UNBELIEF.

*St. Ann's Rectory, Morrisania,
April, 1842.*

ATHANASION.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ.

I.

How holy is the spot,
Where haunting Silence, through the wide domain,
Breathes, more than voices from the Sybil's grot,
Avaunt ye souls profane :
Where, up yon lengthen'd aisle afar,
A sentence once, oracular,
With pacing footstep and responsive strain,
Hath call'd sweet Peace to reign,
And throned a stillness here,
That bids us speak in fear,
And nothing speak in vain.

II.

Nor ye, that gather'd now
From Learning's homes, would hear your Idol's praise,
My numbers disallow,

principles, *from* and *to* which the Poem is humbly addressed. I send it forth anew, in search of earnest minds, that, like mine own, are endeavouring, though feebly, to get free from the cheerless, sensual, clogging, debasing, heathenizing influences, which stick like bird-lime, to every wing that would rise into purer and more heavenly atmosphere, from the dull earth, and contaminated air of—what one has named in our behalf—THE AGE OF UNBELIEF.

*St. Ann's Rectory, Morrisania,
April, 1842.*

ATHANASION.

Φωναντα συνετοισιν.

I.

How holy is the spot,
Where haunting Silence, through the wide domain,
Breathes, more than voices from the Sybil's grot,
Avaunt ye souls profane :
Where, up yon lengthen'd aisle afar,
A sentence once, oracular,
With pacing footstep and responsive strain,
Hath call'd sweet Peace to reign,
And throned a stillness here,
That bids us speak in fear,
And nothing speak in vain.

II.

Nor ye, that gather'd now
From Learning's homes, would hear your Idol's praise,
My numbers disallow,

If to such lowly lays,
I call no muse that wanders far aloof
And comes, invoked, to all,
But choose the droppings of this roof
From Silo's fount should fall :
Nor ye that bade the song
Its notes unworthy deem,
If that blest streamlet's flowering banks along,
Its dews too magic seem ;
For I have felt their influence, passing strong,
And rise—as, from his dream
The patriarch woke o'erawed,
And scarce could breathe, for fear,
This is the house of God,
And Heaven's high gate is here.

III.

I know that every sod
Whereon a good man treads, is holy ground :
For he is full of God :
And in his bosom's bound,
Lives th' Eternal Spirit ; dwelling there
From that dread hour,
When he was written heir,
And seal'd a son of God with power.

Who wears the Christian name,
Hath stamp'd upon his brow,
His glory or his shame.
As he hath kept his vow
And those bright garments of his second birth,
So doth he stand on Earth,
With black Iscariot, or with godlike Paul :
For we are warriors all,
And in our blest crusade,
Not Doric mothers swore their boys to fight,
Like ours, when we were made
Each one, a red-cross knight,
And in pure armour dight,
Vow'd, in our Captain's might,
To wield a soldier-blade.
Oh ye that treasure well
The pearl-drops of salvation, shed
By mystic miracle,
Upon the beam-locks of your childhood's head,
There doth a spirit dwell
In your deep bosoms' bound,
Haunting the soul's profound,
That makes the common Earth, on which ye tread,
Thrice-hallow'd ground !

IV.

So, in our high philosophy,
 Spirit of this dull age,
 Dream not that we are worshippers of thee,
 Or thank that harpy wing for tutelage,
 From which the many writers glean a pen :
 For we have read His wisdom, who was sage
 In Salem once, beyond the sons of men ;
 And that great son of Sirach's golden page,
 That, writ when men were wise, was wisdom then :
 And we have marked his blessed pilgrimage,
 Who was himself true Wisdom, sent of God :
 And we are marching in the steps He trod,
 In hope, with seraphs yet to gather fruit,
 Where the green trees of life take deathless root,
 And o'er the crystal of light's fountain-spring,
 Wave their sweet branches, ever blossoming.

V.

Joy to young ardour now
 That not with Stoic's lamp, or Epicure's,
 Burns his long nights away !
 But, his baptizéd brow,
 Bends, in the blaze of day,

O'er the rich scroll of knowledge that endures.

Within him, flames a lamp,

That lights the cloisters damp

Of its clay temple, with eternal rays :

God, who is sire to him,

Hath lit his spirit dim,

Still brighter burning, with a perfect blaze.

Not, as in Hellas old,

Or villas manifold,

Round Tibur's cliff, and Anio's leap so bold,

Like those old sophists gropes the Christian boy

For wisdom's hidden gold !

But from his better birth, sure heir of joy,

He pants for brighter things, through power divine

Yearning within him, and outpouring prayers,

With silent groanings ; which the bread and wine

Of our true manna evermore repairs.

Star-paven is his way,

And his first footsteps are in wondrous light ;

And gloriously he may

Escape the bounding gulfs of Errour's night ;

For him no taper ray

Leads, like the Sybil's bough,

Further from light astray,

But his dear guide art thou,
Father of Lights, for aye.

VI.

Lo, where he doth abide,
The classic heap that was the Heathen's lore
Is deftly piled aside,
To love, but not adore;
To wonder at, and be
Like furs the Stoic wore,
A rare old sight, to see,
But fit array no more.
Psyche and Hebe there,
Dug out from antique mine,
And rich beyond compare,
In the long galleries shine.
And he doth love and venerate old art,
As he were Phidias or Pericles;
But, the deep worship of his flaming heart,
What doth it find in these!
The Faith in him that burns,
Like living coals—whereon as rapt he sings
The fuming incense of his love he flings,
Hath greater marvels with the chisel wrought,

Than Corinth's columns, or Etruscan urns ;

And with the pencil, naught

Shall old Apelles vie with Angelo,

Or if their theme be sought,

In high Uranian fields, or Earth's below.

Nor shall ye vaunt to me,

Old Jove in ivory,

That sat in might on proud Olympia's hill,

When ye have read in Michael's blocks sublime,

How all they dream'd of God in heathen time,

The Christian's thought of Man shall scarcely fill.

On Sistine walls, with hues like Hell's severe,

His awful pencil painteth to the ear,

And colours there, make that last trumpet speak,

Whose blast shall drive all colour from the cheek ;

Man looks in terror, as he yet shall look

When rings that trump, and opes the dooming book,

And cries, e'en now, that doomsday shriek of crime,

Archangel ! Michael ! Spare us till our time !

Aye, call him Angel ; he excell'd in strength ;

And Moses-like, with awful rod at length,

For Moses' body struck the flinty rock,

Or rived for struggling Art th' entombing block.

God hid his prophet : He, with wizard might,

Bared the deep Earth, and brought him back to light,
Stripp'd from the burning brow the veil it wore,
And bade it blaze on shrinking sight once more.
Nor deem it vain—'twas naught for God to give,
Whose meanest statues breathe, and move, and live,
If God, on man, such godlike power bestow'd,
To point the moral of an humble ode,
And teach our hearts, what shadows these can seem,
To him, whose soul hath waken'd from the dream,
To read what wonders our sweet Faith hath wrought,
Turning from Earth's dark mine, the statue Man,
That he might live once more,
Such as he was of yore,
In more than marble glory, angel-taught,
And godlike as at first, when Earth began.

VII.

Joy to the Spirit now,
In whom such faith doth flame ;
The burning lamp of his baptismal vow,
And his high Christian name !
Not he Panthea's song,
Or Syren music heeds,
Those rock-bound shores along

Where Folly's shallop speeds,
Or hies in fury strong
The vext of many creeds.
For with complacency that princes feel,
When envious plebeians ape their state,
The mind ennobled by this kingly seal,
May sit serenely mid the little Great,
And bear the pageant of their short-lived show ;
Where age on age, the sparkling bubbles go,
Frothing and foaming o'er the troubled sea ;
While on the Rock of Ages liveth he,
Unshaken by the puny storm below,
Who hath high heaven for his cool canopy,
And tempest cannot lay his fortress low.

VIII.

Ye, that so thickly swarm,
Nurs'd by the artful ray
Of chymic Times, from many a hot-bed warm
That steaming breeds the insects of the day ;
Ye, that buzz on your hour,
And flit the summer of your life away ;
Live on the pretty flower,
That is your nest, and that was born like you,

Both, children of a shower,

And wither'd ere the dew !

But talk not of the mountain that must fill,

The solid Earth ; nor prate of ancient lore,

And those great masters of the tameless will,

Whom old Religion bore.

The sateless wisdom of the heathen sage

Yearn'd for what ye despise,

Ye, that in wisdom's age

Will feed yourselves with lies !

The cross ye trample, and the Faith sublime

That makes Eternity the child of Time,

They dream'd to life, and lov'd before they knew ;

Those mighty ones that in the garden drew

Knowledge from out themselves ! And in their dream,

A spirit haunted fane and Academe

And made each grotto holy, where in song,

Or deep discourse, Cephisus banks along,

They question'd awful Nature, to unroll

The secret of herself ; the glorious soul ;

The story of its coming ; the brief day,

The gloomy, glimmering twilight of its stay ;

And of its dread departure ; the deep dark,

That quench'd and swallow'd man's diviner spark ;

And then of homes beyond, where Psyche went,
When, like the moth's, her summer-day was spent.
So mused far-wander'd man, for in his breast
Lurk'd a faint memory of his Eden-nest,
And nigh to drown, he caught some fragments hurl'd
From that old ark, that floated o'er the world.
And such dear thoughts, nigh kindled into flame
From smouldering embers of Jehovah's name,
Flared round the chambers of the Stoic mind,
But left, for lack of light, a Plato blind.
And gods grew out of men : for thoughts so high,
Taught their fond spirits, mind could never die,
And such undying souls must have a sire !
Then did they build Acropolis still higher,
With column, and rich architrave, and frieze
Rough with the sculpture of deep mysteries ;
And pure Pentelic marble was a shrine
To its own glory, in a shape divine ;
And the wing'd soul breath'd forth its beauty rare,
Shedding witch-magic on the haunted air ;
And mind had still no deity, but sought
Deeper, far deeper than the chisel wrought,
For this strange being's Father : and its might
Yet further groped in rebel Nature's spite,

When hoary Wisdom, drinking in its cage,
The hemlock tribute of a thankless age,
Yearn'd for some god, come down to earth agen,
To show how Jove were just, forgiving men.
So nigh rose man to heaven, ere came indeed
That God to Earth, for us poor men to bleed :
So far went Wisdom, till its pleasing pain
Bore all but Truth, from Errour's labouring brain ;
So far went Nature, till it fain would grave
A gospel-text upon Athene's pave,
And rear to light upon her clouded sod,
Her holiest altar, to the UNKNOWN GOD.

IX.

The nameless God is known !
A bold apostle came,
And on that altar-stone
Made the dull embers flame.
Now God is God alone,
And the Redeemer's name
Hath temples, that are miracles of might,
Where late they walk'd in night,
Where heathen lands, in darkness once,
Are made the Lord's inheritance,

Where they that sat in gloom, have seen a wondrous light.

X.

For like Earth's caverns then,
That yawn upon the sea,
Lay the dark world of men,
Fast by Eternity :
And if, in the deep fathom of its womb,
Some native gem was sparkling,
Like tapers in the tomb,
It made the dark more darkling.
Then burst the sweet sunbeam
Far o'er his ocean way,
And sent the stretching gleam,
Full where those caverns lay :
'Twas, as when Nature heard
That primal voice—Be bright,
And at Jehovah's word,
Leap'd forth the new-born light !
And, like a diamond mine,
When first 'tis oped to Day,
Outflashing, in full shine,
With blazing ray on ray,
So did the deepest niche of that dark cave,

Glitter with lustre rare,
And many a jewel sparkling from its grave,
Glow'd with the holy glare ;
And, like stalagmites on the grotto floor,
Rose lofty pinnacles
That valley'd landscape o'er,
With spires and fretted cells :
And now in dark, no more,
Those gothic rocks stood high,
Uprearing to the sky
Rude sculpture, which they bore,
Of that dear cross on which the Lord did die.

XI.

The Star whose first arising charm'd the Wise,
And drew the Magian's incense from the East,
Lo ! it hath kindled now the glowing skies,
And bending nations pray with Persia's priest.
He from his watch-tower first sung orison,
To that true light which lighteth all our eyes ;
And well the Parsee, that adores the sun,
Might see our Sun of Righteousness arise.
Not then the less to holy courts and fanes,
Sweet Wisdom led her children by the hand,

But forth she wander'd, and in every land,
Still was her home in Faith's sublime domains.

Then Faith, for her, the studious cloister rear'd

In grove and forest broad,

And where the steeple with its cross appear'd,

Rose the near college, consecrate to God.

There then they came, the young, the warm of soul,
In catechumen lawn, or student stole,

And Learning there, with midnight oil alone,

To lated pilgrim made the convent known :

And there young Zeal, gave up what charm'd it first,

And all the hopes its dazzled childhood nurs'd,

Subdued in heart, to pray at morn and eve,

And lauds with vigils learn'd to interweave,

While this wild life he sooth'd to holy calm,

By stilly waters following the Lamb.

There, with strict pen, in many a shining line,

Their bright embalming saved the books divine.

And these are they, not seen on Earth agen,

Where base successors shame those holy men,

Who kept the Faith ; and bold, in hour of need,

For Christ's dear honour thought it joy to bleed ;

Who watch'd the garments of their second birth,

And kept them ever undefiled from Earth,

Till up they went, their martyr-crowns to wear,

And still to walk in virgin-raiment there,
A noble host—ere Rome had soil'd their name,
Or our chaste Mother wept one daughter's shame.

XII.

So in the cloisters of a later age,
Walk'd with his God, old England's eldest sage,
And her fair story in his lines we read ;
And bless thy goodness, venerable Bede !
Nor there her Alfred was ashamed to pray
While burn'd the tapers of his toilsome day :
Or all night long his studious lamp would flame
In some old lodge, of saintly Saxon name,
Where watch'd a king, o'er blest Evangel bent
That he might leave God's word, his monument,
And teach our sires to breathe their Glory round,
At Holy Gospel, in an English sound.
And his the hand that cast a golden seed,
On Isis' banks, where waved the fringy reed,
Till up huge hall and college shot their spires,
And midnight sparkled with the scholars' fires.
Nor quench'd that light, the Norman's slavish knell
That rung to bury lore—the curfew-bell :
'Tis Oxford yet—old mother of the sage

Bearing new giants in our barren age :
A thousand years—and seeds that then took root,
Spring now to birth, and scatter golden fruit :
A thousand years—and Oxford yet shall be,
With her old Faith, old Lore, and Loyalty !
On Isis' banks, go see where Alfred dwelt,
At Oxford's shrines, go kneel where Alfred knelt ;
Across the waves—nay, here it is not hid,
These aisles, these arches, tell what Alfred did.

XIII.

As Sheba's child, in far unknown domain,
Told many a year of Israel's glory-reign,
So long shall here, Columbia's tutor'd son,
Bless the dear Lord, for England's Solomon,
Ay, who shall stand these gothic aisles within,
Nor feel with Alfred, and with England kin ;
Who here shall bend at Eucharist and prayer,
And not a moment, breathe old England's air ;
Who here shall come when Christmas-wreaths are green,
And not her ancient holly-bough be seen ;
Who here, devout, his Christian head shall bow,
For bishop's blessing on his primal vow,
Nor breathe one Glory to the power divine

For our Apostles in an English line !
Or where's the pulse, that—if it knows no bound,
When out the chimings of old England sound,
Throbs still as tame, when o'er this giant land,
He sees the many towers of Learning stand,
And hears how holy Church, that sent afar
Her bold apostles, to the Western Star,
With that red banner that in Salem flew,
Claims our young Letters for her nursling too !

XIV.

Oft when the Eve-star, sinking into day,
Seems Empire's planet on its westward way,
Comes, in soft light from antique window's groin,
Thy pure Ideal, mitred saint of Cloyne !
Taught from sweet childhood, to revere in thee,
Earth's every virtue, writ in poesie,
Nigh did I leap, on Clio's calmer line,
To see thy story with our own entwine.
On Yale's full walls, no pictur'd shape to me,
Like Berkeley's seem'd, in priestly dignity,
Such as he stood, fatiguing, year by year,
In our behoof, dull prince and cavalier ;
And dauntless still, as erst the Genoese
Such as he wander'd o'er the Indy seas,

To vext Bermoothes, witless that he went
Mid isles that beckon'd to a Continent.
Such there he seem'd, the pure, the undefiled !
And meet the record ! Though, perchance I smiled,
That those, in him, themselves will glorify,
Who reap his fields, but let his doctrine die.
Yet, let him stand : the world will note it well,
And Time shall thank them for the chronicle,
By such confess'd, Columbus of new homes
For Song, and Science with her thousand tomes.
Yes—pure apostle of our western Lore,
Spoke the full heart, that now may breathe it more,
Still in those halls, where none without a sneer,
Name the dear title of thy ghostly fear,
Stand up, bold bishop—in thy priestly vest ;
Proof that the CHURCH bore letters to the West !

XV.

Sons of that Church are we
Beneath the vesper-star,
In lands that yet must have strange history,
Of Times in which we are !
And we must live our day ;
And we must live it well,
And leave in our dark way,

Some light, our path to tell !
Sons of the Church are we,
And who but she shall guide,
Mother and nurse of Immortality,
And our Redeemer's bride !
She, while on earth we fare,
Makes Faith to us, and holy Wisdom—one,
The sweet twin-breasts of her that did us bear,
And dear to every son.
They err who call rash youth, our pupillage,
For Life itself is only Infancy ;
And not rehearsers for a flimsy stage,
Or drill'd cadets for life's short fray, are we,
But we are learning for Eternity,
And she that bare us, calls us children still ;
For Earth is our sweet mother's nursery,
And we are waiting for our Father's will,
When the adoption of his sons shall be !
Oh hear her warning words, with childlike thrill,
And count them God's own oracle to thee.

XVI.

The world is hoary grown,
And deeper furrows do her age-rheums plow,

For many a mother's moan,
Sent forth from her all-nurturing bosom now.
Time shall no longer be,
Than needeth for an end;
And Babel-builders of idolatry,
Must leave their half-burnt bricks anon,
And their high towers descend,
To hear the last confusion coming on,
With storm to rock, and shocks to rend,
And the last angel's voice, with trumpet call,
Reading the worn-out world's bad burial,
When every house shall fall,
Uprear'd by foolish hand,
And peering proud and tall,
But founded on the sand.

XVII.

Trust ye to Reason's hand,
The soul ye carry in your warm young breast !
Then scar your bosom with a burning brand,
And name it serpent-nest.
Look not to this ripe age :
That age is wise itself that disesteems,
And deems its fathers, sage,

Nor trusts its cradle-dreams.
Yearn for the age of gold ;
The age that next shall be !
But of this Present be the name untold ;
Its birth was Infamy !
Up from that Gaulish hell that boil'd but now,
And bore, in whelping throes,
Times of unchristen'd brow,
What locust hordes arose !
Read of that God-eclipse
No more, on Clio's page,
That deep in blood her painter-pencil dips,
And limns the infernal tale with muttering lips,
Like some black Archimage ;
God hath reveal'd this age
In that old Elder's dread Apocalypse,
Whose soul with wonder still'd,
Stood long agone, in Patmos, thrill'd
With visions wild, and far-off sight
Of unborn years of fright ;
Woe after woe fulfill'd,
And still new woes and sorrows yet to be !
Then did the fire-girt scorpions burn for death,
And stung their death-pangs free ;

While fiend on fiend steam'd up, as from the breath
Of Acheron, that smokes eternally !
And half that woe was gone ;
Another sound there came,
Rolling like thunder on,
And brazen hosts, with breastplates all aflame,
Rose, with that angel of abhorred name,
Their king, Apollyon !
His wing'd artillery, behind,
Roar'd—like a rushing, mighty wind ;
And o'er the world the shadow of his form,
Stretch'd, like the spirit of the storm,
While in the cloud, swept on his wild dragoons,
With crests of streaming hair,
Far as the fierce typhoons
That Earth and Ocean tear.
Yea—though the sound be sped,
Say not 'tis by-gone now ;
'Twas but the monster's head ;
His coil lags on, I trow !
The writhings of his horrid train
Lash the crush'd nations still ;
His sting remaineth, and shall yet remain,
Until another's will.

Why should the lesson be ?
That Earth, with added slaughter-drops might fill,
The trembling urn of her dark destiny ;
And learn what bitter bloodstreams may distil,
In Reason's age, from pure Philosophie !

XVIII.

Trust ye to Freedom's vaunt ;
The unchain'd people's song !
Then nerve ye, for the taunt
Of faithless friends ere long !
Oh, shun the war of tongues :
Back from the vain debate ;
The Upas-blast of lungs,
The desert-clouds of state ;
Nor with the rabble that are flowing strong,
Like young Niagara to his cliffs along,
Give thy poor soul to fate !
The people's tumult rageth but an hour,
And in that hour ye die :
Give not your short-lived spirit, to the power,
That souls are trampled by !
The whisper'd story of a well-spent life,
Speaks louder than the Boreas of strife,

And in your high hopes sure,
Looking to calmer worlds, through tears for this,
Like him that our dear Lord and leader is,
Say, can ye not endure ?

XIX.

He that, in peace, his triumph knows,
Walks Earth, as ne'er its Cæsars trod ;
From ill to ill, a conqueror goes,
And mounts to his great Captain—God.
What recks he of the mob's distrust,
The clamour of their mouths of dust ;
Before high Heaven that man is just !
The wisdom that we love, looks up from Earth :
And if these troubled things are yet to be,
Then triumphs our divine Philosophy,
When human doctrines are the rabble's mirth ;
For our first lesson is Eternity
And the pure nature of our second birth.
In our progressive being, Time is naught,
And we can bear its strife ;
For yet with awful burthen is it fraught,
And giant birth-throes of an endless life.
The world of little men,

Count foolish our sweet faith :
But look on them agen :
The end of these is Death.
What boots it they have lived their long threescore ;
For it hath pass'd, and now it is no more !
And all their fury strong,
For fancied right or wrong,
Is gone, like summer-day, so slow that wore,
But rung to evensong.

XX.

Oh, could I be as they,
Sweet were no wisdom but the Epicure's !
Why spend short hours in fray,
Or turn joy's channels into reeking sewers.
I'd toss such Life away
Where old Anacreon lures,
And with the roses play,
Long as my pulse endures,
Or my wreathed head is gray.
But if this spirit may
Be such as cannot die ;
If nature lives, for aye,
Beyond mortality !

Oh lead me to that hermitage, where dwells
Some sage astrologer,
That reads the starry universe, and tells,
So I may never err,
In what sweet orb he readeth with his glass,
This soul of mine its endless age shall pass !
And if, in learned fur,
No scholar that hath question'd tells me this ;
Oh who shall guide me through the wilderness,
But she, that cometh through the dale along,
And leadeth with her a delighted throng,
And calls me child, and bids me walk with her !

XXI.

The spouse of our dear Lord,
Is travelling in the greatness of her strength,
Amid these wilds abhorr'd,
Unwearied by the journey's sultry length ;
And luring her true children, to their home,
By stories of its pleasures, yet to come ;
All motherlike—that win the infant mind
By brighter promise, to the martyrdom,
Of leaving toys behind !
And we that join her train,

Must bear the mock of old Astrologie,
The laugh, of dry Philosophie ;
For they esteem it vain,
And sneer, that such as we, by such beguil'd,
Do thus transform us to a little child,
And leave their solemn lamp, and hermit fane.

XXII.

Now, through the desert go,
With smiles and joyous haste,
As speeds the caravan
New started from a flow
Of sweetest waters in Sahara's waste.
Yes, rouse thee, Christian man !
And feel within thee, how it can restore
Thy vanish'd years, in sooth,
And make thee, boy, once more,
In all the dews of youth.
Up from thy long delay ;
On, in thy noble way ;
On, with uplifted eye
And full heart panting for a manly strife !
For thou to live, must die,
And, dying, find thy life.

On, for the world is old,
And thou hast much to do :
Oh, in the battle-work of life, be bold,
And march in triumph, through.
The awful Past leads up the coming hour,
The marriage of Eternities is here ;
The solemn Present speaks with priestly power,
The future mother sheds a virgin tear.
Now, in thy heart decide
Beneath thine own true banner-folds to war,
Or go—and seek thy guide,
Where the leagued Paynim are !
Go, with the many mad,
The motley army of thy mother's foes ?
Go, with the raging bad,
And 'gainst thy brothers in the battle close,
A scoffing coward with a villain blade !
Go, write thyself with those,
Thou soulless renegade !

XXIII.

For us, let pæans ring,
And high Te-Deum swell :
True-hearted we, in warfare for our King,

Yet fain in peace to dwell !
We quarrel not with Time :
Two captives, in one cell,
May hear the same dull chime
Of their old prison-bell,
And give each measured stroke responsive rhyme :
The one, with—ah, how long !
The other—ah, so fleet,
The dial sure is wrong !
For one, hath hope of his deliverance sweet ;
The other broods on crime,
And hour on hour, he starteth at his knell.
So they who caged on Earth,
Look only for a Hell,
And dice their prayer-hours off in feigned mirth,
I can believe it well,
May with each moment sigh—
Dark hours, how swift ye fly !
While, in our bosoms yearning to be free,
The crawling sunbeams scarce we bear to see,
Yet patiently endure,
And strive to make our days go pleasantly,
Beguiling with sweet song, or doctrine pure,
The dullness of our long captivity.

And so would we allure
Our fellow-bondmen to shake off their chains ;
If haply, they, at length,
While one blest hour remains,
May wrestle with them in a godly strength,
And stand with us, unbound :
For we escape have found,
Can see the starlight through ;
And if we tarry on our prison ground,
'Tis but a moment—pointing to the blue,
And beckoning our brothers, from their sleep,
To rouse, and be away,
While the stern jailer is in slumber deep,
And their last day-dawn is already gray.

XXIV.

So, in our simple creed,
We drop this frail mortality we wear,
And—laud to Him who for our sakes did bleed,
And on his cross our bitter griefs did bear !
We know our ransom'd nature, certain heir
Of deathless being from its dying seed.
They who nurse hopes, live every day, an age,
And strive more fleet to live, by living well :

And so, we hasten on our pilgrimage,
Plucking Earth's flowers, but fain in Heaven to dwell.

Life, in our ear, doth mean Eternity :

And Time, our staff, but speeds us on our way,

While all around poor voyagers, we see,

Who bear it, but to chronicle each day,

And notch the hurrying hours of destiny,

In fearful units—numbering for dismay

The lavish'd seeds of Immortality.

But oh, our souls take no account of Time,

For we are gazing into worlds sublime :

Our spirits are like song-birds, nurst to light

In climates far too rude,

That by an heavenly instinct, stretch their flight,

To skies, where such bright plumes were made to brood.

We know our kindred there,

In genial warmth, their golden plumage wear,

And sing their native notes forevermore :

We yearn for purer air,

And dream the music we were made to share,

As home, we waft us from an alien shore.

XXV.

Us, Holy Mother shall conduct along,

Young seraphs, only with unsprouted wings,

Till with the highest angels we are strong,
And dwell in light like Uriel, that sings
In God's own palace ; and that cherub throng
That, knowing all, are pictured childlike things,
And twinned with children in the poets' song.

Yet are they full of eyes,
And read the secrets of their veil'd abode,
While groping men are counted Deities,
That on their mole-hills pair themselves with God.

The highest man may be,
The God within us, prompteth to aspire :

'Tis not Ambition, but Divinity !

And upward soaring, mind can never tire :

Yet, on the mountain-top, 'tis joy to see
While the pure ether cools our pulse of fire,
What worlds on worlds, what depth of destiny,
Allure unwearied Hope to wing us higher.

For well we know, our yearnings so sublime,
And these high thoughts that Earth can ne'er controul,
Yea—all that mind can make itself in Time,
Are but the tottering struggles of the soul ;
The longings of a little one to climb ;
An infant's toppling toward the faery goal,
That, as we follow on,

Doth still—still further roll,
And never can be won.
So God himself doth tempt us into strength,
As if a father smiled :
And he that boldest runs the garden length,
Is yet a little child.
They err, who see not o'er the flowering hedge,
Hill over hill, and Heaven's unfathom'd blue,
But shout when they have gain'd their playground's edge
As if Eternity were travell'd through.
Such, on their baby feet feel giant-grown ;
But mind's full stature shall be wondrous tall.
They trust their infant strength, and run alone,
While we stand mute, and list a Father's call,
Run, run to your sweet mother, lest ye fall.

XXVI.

Truth is Jehovah's child,
And God's dear children claim her next of kin ;
And me long wandering once in mazes wild,
Truth met astray—my sister undefiled !
Showed me my Mother's home, and led me in.
I cannot love her less, because she wears
The buxom beauty of the townless field,

For she hath led me safe through many snares,
To where my Mother's dwelling was conceal'd.

I love its antique nest, its summer flowers,
Its evergreens in winter, and its board
Wreath'd all the year, with joyous festal hours,
And fond remembrance of its blessed Lord.

I love it, as I love all lovely things,
For it is beautiful ; a blessed home
To which, as to a heaven, my spirit clings,
That tired of roaming would no longer roam.

I love it for the skylight in its thatch,
That lets the hues of heaven upon my cell :

I love it for its hospitable latch,
And for the charm it throweth where I dwell,
Making even Earth look lovely, when I catch,
A glimpse at Nature, through its Oriel.

I love it as the fold God bade me keep,
The garden planted by a father dear,
As the green pasture of the Saviour's sheep,
Nor less, that Truth, my sister, led me here.

XXVII.

Sweet is our mother's teaching and caress!
Tears for our brothers then,

Whose souls awearied with her loveliness
Can leave her blessed roof for cruel men !

They, like the truant boy,
Toss'd far away upon the bitter sea,

Have woe, while we have joy ;

And fearful wrecks may be

Upon the shores we love, and hasten to ;

Thy shores Eternity,

So beautiful of hue !

For us, a few short hours to dwell on Earth,
A few short years to wrestle with its sorrow,
And though we sleep, we spring again to birth,
And they that die to-day, shall live to-morrow.

XXVIII.

Go forth with courage now, and know full well,
The soul that thinks within you, and is brave
Amid the tempests that make Earth a hell,
Shall never, never slumber in the grave.

A thousand years, and years on years sublime,

So may we mete Eternity by Time ;

A thousand cycles measured day by day,

When Day itself shall long have burnt away :

Age upon age, from this blest moment here,
Then just beginning in its nobler sphere ;
Each single soul, each mind that lists me now ;
Yes—shrinking spirit—these, and surely thou !
I know—in some far world beyond our ken,
Deathless as God, will still be thinking then.
There is no end ; Ye are, and cannot die !
What shall I measure your far journey by !
Time's head is old—but older ye shall be,
Ere ye have tasted Immortality ;
And ages past, beyond all chronicle,
Are atoms only, to what ye must tell.
Oh thou companion Spirit ! that with me,
Art outward standing on a shoreless sea,
A little while, these native hills shall peer
Far o'er our way, in calm blue atmosphere ;
And then, like smoke, shall vanish, seen no more,
While still we sail the endless billows o'er,
Onward—still onward, with new gales around,
But ne'er a breeze from this abandon'd ground,
With only that deep Ocean underspread,
And calm Eternal Heaven above our head.

XXIX.

Then, in some hour, shall ye perchance recall
The golden, long-fled memory
Of this dear native Earth, this little ball,
This birth-place of your Immortality !
Then shall ye wonder at the things ye are,
And on your seraph-nature look with joy ;
As man full-grown, will wonder, from afar,
Upon his tiny being, when a boy.
Then shall ye marvel Earth appear'd so great,
As little children marvel at a star ;
For, in the glory of your blest estate,
Who knows but ye may be high tutelar,
Of some new universe, that is to be !
Onward Immortals then, to Immortality !

XXX.

I know that ye shall die,
And on each cherish'd limb,
The glutton worm shall lie,
And sight's pure spark be dim.
But more I know, that my Redeemer lives,
And I shall stand on Earth, that latter day ;

And this poor dust, its dust to dust that gives,
Shall feel his Spirit breathing o'er its clay.

I know the time shall come,
When, through the charnel dumb,

A voice shall ring upon the slumbering ear :

These bones shall startle then,

And feel strange life agen,

And these decaying fibres leap to hear.

I know these hands shall wrestle with the turf,

That Time shall heap upon them, all in vain ;

Or struggle upward from the stormy surf,

So I be buried in the mighty main.

Yes—'tis not long, ere I shall shake the clay

That years have matted on my moulder'd brow,

And tear the cerements of the grave away,

With these same muscles that are lusty now.

My embryo spirit knows it. I can feel

That mother Earth must bear me, from her sod,

Like our first father of the bruised heel,

That we may spring to our best father—God.

NOTES.

I.

"A sentence once oracular."

Page 13, strophe 1.

Referring to the form and manner of consecrating a church; see Prayer-Book. The bishop and clergy go up the broad aisle, saying the Psalm *Domini est terra* (xxiv.) after the manner of a Song of Degrees—the bishop repeating one verse and the clergy another. It must be borne in mind, that the Psalms were written for such use; and so were employed in our Saviour's time, as well as afterwards by the apostles.

II.

"This is the House of God."

Page 14, strophe 2.

The reader will please bear in mind that the consecrated place in which the poem was to be delivered, was considered an apology sufficient for the choice of a sacred subject. And if the spot where Jacob had dreamed of angels was holy, how rather holy the spot where CHRIST, "seen of angels," is present, whenever two or three are gathered in his name, from day to day, and from year to year;—not to speak of the altar (Heb. xiii. 10) where "before our eyes JESUS CHRIST is evidently set forth crucified among us," (Gal. iii. 1,) as often as we show forth the LORD's death, until he come. Where is the spirit of unsophisticated humanity!—"And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the LORD is in this place; and I knew it not. *And he was afraid*, and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of GOD, and this is the gate of heaven." (Gen. xxviii.

16, 17.) It will be seen by referring to the passage, that thereupon Jacob consecrated the spot by a ceremony, and gave it a name—Bethel,—*the House of God*—the name we commonly give to church now.

III.

"For he is full of God."

Page 14, strophe 3.

What? Know ye not that your body is the *temple* of the HOLY GHOST which is in you, which ye have of God! (1 Cor. vi. 19.)

Know ye not your own selves how that JESUS CHRIST is in you except ye be reprobates! (2 Cor. xiii. 5.)

IV.

"The pearl drops of salvation," &c.

Page 15, strophe 3.

There are two famous instances of the extraordinary gift of the HOLY GHOST, which, being wholly *special*, and *one* in their nature, are not to be taken into account, in considering baptism as the *ordinary* means of obtaining this grace. 1. On the day of Pentecost the apostles and other Jews were baptized "with the HOLY GHOST and with fire," as CHRIST had foretold; and 2. In the case of Cornelius, the miracle was repeated, to assure the church of the *possibility* of *Gentiles* also being partakers of the HOLY GHOST. I say repeated, because the *gift of tongues* followed in the same way. This extraordinary interference of God in their behalf was assurance for the future baptism of *Gentiles*, as St. Peter immediately inferred. See Acts x. 47. In both cases, however, baptism followed.

No churchman will charge me, here, with saying too much, when he remembers the language of the Ritual—"Sanctify this water to the *mystical washing away of sin*." So I have to do chiefly with those of my readers who may not know the warrant of Holy Scripture, by which the Church so speaks. And with their permission the subject shall be treated with the earnestness demanded by a matter so important.

nt, especially as I know that many desire information on this point, and as I am bound to give it, as their servant in the ministry of the Gospel.

Let us notice, then, St. John iii. 3, *et seq.* :

"Except a man be *born again*," &c.—JESUS CHRIST.

"*How* can a man be *born again*," &c.—NICODEMUS.

"Except a man be born of *water* and of the *Spirit*," &c.—JESUS CHRIST.

"*How* can these things be?"—NICODEMUS.

In discussing these words, the author will be pardoned for referring with *admiration and delight* to an article in the Biblical Repository (July, 1839) from the pen of a beloved and venerated Presbyterian critic, from whom to differ in any thing is to him the source of sorrow and of tears.

On the phrases "born of God," and "born again," the author of the criticism says:

"*To be born again*, is better expressed by the term *regenerated*."—p. 185.

I shall take it for granted my reader will allow this criticism.

When Nicodemus asks, therefore, "how can a man be *born again*," and the Redeemer answers, "be born of *water* and of the *Spirit*," I would suggest, with deference, that *baptismal regeneration* is asserted at once. For, let Nicodemus make the substitution which the criticism supposes was the Saviour's word—he asks, "how can a man be *regenerated*?"—and he is answered, "of *water*, and of the HOLY GHOST." But concerning the phrases *born of God*, and *born again*, the article continues:

"We propose the substituted phrases *begotten of God*, and *begotten from above*; and for that in 1 Peter i. 23, (*ἀναγεννημένος*,) rendered *being born again*, we prefer *being regenerated*," &c.—*ib.* Also, "*To be born again*, is better expressed by the term *regenerated*. When, however, the word *ἄνωθεν* is rendered *again*, we object that the *less* is taken for the *greater*, and the *worse* for the *better*. Its proper meaning, when connected with the subject of *regeneration*, is *from above*; which is also a *richer and more lucid expression*, showing the *source*, the *paternity*, the *divinity*, of the great change; and showing as well, by necessary implication, its grandeur, importance, and celestial excellence."—*ib.*

If *begetting from above*, then, is the true idea, the acts of the recipient's mind, namely, *Penitence and Faith*, are not the *regeneration*. The Church agrees with the dissenter, that repentance and belief are *necess-*

sary—yes, indispensable. The question then arising is, *When* does the *begetting from above* take place? And *how*? Is it on the instant of the first emotions of penitence—and *undefinably, uncertainly, dubiously*, and never to be considered as having certainly taken place? Or has CHRIST instituted a *sacrament*—not a mere *ceremonial*, but a *sacrament*—to which the penitent must *come* to receive this *begetting from above*, with the *certainty* that, if he is not trifling, he does receive the HOLY SPIRIT, and is by a visible *sign* and *seal* of an *invisible grace* made “a member of CHRIST, a child of GOD, and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven!” In other words, is he begotten of *water and the Spirit*—or has *water*, or *baptism*, nothing to do at all with the *operation*, except as a ceremony *significant of what has been done*!

Popular theology decides, that as soon as a man is penitent, and believes, he is regenerate;

The CHURCH, that he is in a state to receive *regeneration*, but that CHRIST has been pleased to appoint a *means* for that end, which must be sought in order to obtain it.

Which opinion has the warrant of Scripture?

If the word *regeneration* implies *forgiveness of sins*, and the *gift of sanctification*, or *begetting from above*, it will easily appear which opinion is right from the following examples:

St. Paul passed days and nights in *penitence, faith, and prayer*. Whether he was yet in a state of salvation, man must not decide, since God has not revealed; but *one thing is certainly revealed*:—the sacrament of baptism had to intervene for the remission of sins and the gift of the HOLY GHOST. For we read in Acts ix. 17, that Ananias said, “the LORD hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the HOLY GHOST.” And in the parallel passage, Acts xxii. 16, we find that he did not *receive his sight* in *baptism*, but *before baptism*; while, *after that*, Ananias urged immediate baptism for the *spiritual* benefit. “One Ananias came unto me, and stood and said unto me, Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And the same hour I looked up upon him; and he said, the GOD of our fathers hath chosen thee, &c., . . . and now why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the LORD.”

One would think this decisive; at least Bucer gives it up. “In which words,” says he, “there is ascribed to baptism the effect of *remitting* or washing away of sins.”

Now, even John Baptist’s baptism was *for the remission of sins*; but

e testified that CHRIST's should be more glorious, as it should be attended with the gift of the HOLY GHOST. Now, take a passage from St. Paul's acts, as well as from his experience. In the sixth chapter of Acts we read that St. Paul came to Ephesus, a heathen city, and was surprised to find there certain who believed. But doubtful whether they had been baptized or not in that far region, he asks them, "Have ye received the HOLY GHOST since ye believed?" They answered, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any HOLY GHOST," yet, they were disciples of John, who expressly foretold the HOLY GHOST, when he preached the baptism of repentance: so they must have known of a HOLY SPIRIT; and commentators explain the passage most clearly, by making it read in this sense: "We have not so much as heard here, in our remote region, whether there be any HOLY GHOST *yet given*;" i. e. we have not so much as heard of the coming of the HOLY GHOST. I said St. Paul was doubtful of their baptism; and this his answer shows. He knew not that they were John's disciples, or those disciples they were. He only knew, that if *baptized*, they *had* received the HOLY GHOST; and so he answers, "*Unto what*, then, were ye baptized!" "And they said unto John's baptism," i. e. unto a baptism that did *not* include the gift of the HOLY SPIRIT: for, "Then said Paul—John verily baptized with *the baptism of repentance*, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him," (who should "baptize with the HOLY GHOST"): and then he baptized them; and, as his own language proves, baptized them with the HOLY SPIRIT, "in the name of the LORD JESUS." And because there was in those days an *extraordinary gift* also of the HOLY GHOST, which in this case, and in the case of the Samaritans, followed *confirmation*, or the laying on of apostolic hands, there is no invalidation of the *ordinary gift* in baptism, any more than the additional grace now-ays conferred in confirmation obliterates the original grace of "the begetting from above."

So, then, when Nicodemus asks "how can these things be," he is evidently hearing something mystical indeed; but the viewless wind comes whistling along as he talks in the cool night with the Redeemer! He sees nothing, but there is certainly an *outward visible sign*, or an *audible* one at least. There is a waving of his fringed robe, a rustling of the forest leaves. There, Nicodemus, says the Saviour, is it more mysterious than that? Something has evidently come, and gone—*viewlessly*, yet with great power: you see some outward phenomena,

and hear the sound thereof, but can tell nothing more than that it is there. So is the *begetting* of which I told you. You see the washing of water, but not the operation of the Spirit, which comes with the baptism. *Viewlessly*, however, the work is done. "So is every one that is *begotten from above*."

Now, because this expression, *begetting from above*, is so lucid, and so harmonious with the Catholic view of *Regeneration*, I desire to add from Catholic divines some passages corroborative of the beautiful and interesting remarks on *ἀνωθεν*, which I have borrowed from a prominent Presbyterian periodical. Here let me say, what *ought* to be unnecessary, that *Catholic opinions* and *Catholic theology* are the opinions "which always, every-where, and by all" in the Church, have been conceded and allowed. Hence to be a *Catholic*, is to be as far from being a *Papist* as Paradise is different from *Purgatory*. For the following quotations I am indebted to the research of Dr. Pusey, who in his great work on *Regeneration* takes the same view of *ἀνωθεν*. I desire to insert, however, that for any other coincidences which may exist between my remarks and the work of that eminent divine, I am not indebted to him; having only partly examined his learned but very deep lucubrations. If I have the happiness to have come to any of the conclusions of that eminent scholar, it is only a proof that honest, ardent, and industrious inquiry after Truth, will lead the unlearned student of the oracles of God to the same divine illumination, which, after all, the wisest must seek in conformity to the universal rule—"the *meek* will he guide in judgment, and the *meek* will he teach his way."

Theophylact, commenting on the phrases in review, says:

"Since Nicodemus had a low notion of CHRIST, that he was a *teacher*, and God *was with him*, the LORD says to him, 'it was to be expected that you should have such conceptions of me; for not as yet have you been born *from above*;' i. e. the spiritual birth of GOD (ἐκ θεοῦ). For the birth, through baptism, illumining the soul, *enables* the person *to see*; i. e. *to perceive* the kingdom of God; i. e. the Son of God."

So also before Theophylact, the great Origen says:

"*ἀνωθεν* signifies both *again*, and *from above*; but here, since he who is baptized by JESUS is baptized in the HOLY SPIRIT, it must be understood *not as again*, but *from above*." (Lib. v. in Ep. ad Romanos, § 8.)

So the ancient Greek Liturgy has:

"Thou hast granted us the *regeneration*, *from above*, through water and the Spirit." The words are, τὴν ἀνωθεν ἀναγέννησιν; where *again* is

n absurd translation of *ἀνωθεν*—just as in English *regeneration from above* makes sense, but *regeneration again* nonsense.

In all this the opinion of the Biblical Repository is fully supported in its remarks on the phrase “born again.” But it will be observed how that eloquent passage differs from these ancient divines, in saying nothing of *baptism*, whereas their argument most innocently takes it for granted; for, as Judicious Hooker boldly avows, “Of all the ancients, there is *not one to be named* that ever did otherwise expound or allege the place (St. John iii.) than as implying external baptism.” The denial of sacramental regeneration, therefore, is *scarce three hundred years old*. And here it may be well to mark, that, as Bucer confesses it in the case of St. Paul, so Calvin (magister ipse!) allows the reference to baptism in the very important passage from St. Paul to Titus (iii. 5), “he *saved us*, by the *washing of regeneration*, and renewing of the HOLY GHOST.” What shall be answered to St. Peter’s assertion also, in his first epistle (iii. 21), speaking of the ark, “wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved *by water*. The like figure whereunto even *baptism doth also now save us!*” How does it save us? St. Peter answers (*vide loc.*), that it is not by the *unspiritual* part—the washing of the body; but by its *spiritual* part—the *remission* of sins; and clothing in CHRIST’S righteousness, which it imparts: the ability to meet God in judgment, as “washed, sanctified, and justified,” with “the answer of a good conscience.”

Obj. Are we to understand, then, that a baptized child, who grows up a profligate, is *saved*?

Ans. Who ever dreamed of such a thing? He was in a *state of salvation*, from which he has willingly *plucked himself away*, “as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his *birthright*.” (Heb. xii. 16.) For sixteen hundred years there is no instance of any denial of this doctrine; and if it is now-a-days denied so constantly, is not the phenomenon to be accounted for by that feature of modern theology which denies the possibility of *falling from grace*? It does certainly bear against the doctrine of the necessary perseverance of the saints. Yet before so solemn and great a doctrine is rejected in behalf of a favourite theory, were it not better to take example of old Pelagius? It would have been great relief to him to have been told that Scripture made nothing more of baptism than an outward ceremony. Had he been able to assert the *re-generating, un-remitting*, nature of baptism, with any show of

scriptural or *patristical* authority, he would have been able to rebut the powerful battery of St. Augustine, without the miserable shifts to which he was driven to explain away original sin; getting infants to *eternal* life, *by their own innocency*, not to the *kingdom of Heaven*, by the merit of JESUS CHRIST, blotting out their sinfulness in *baptism*. No one has ever heard of not baptizing infants, Pelagius allowed: and baptism was *regeneration*, he could not deny; and without *being born of water and the Spirit*, no one could enter the *kingdom of Heaven*, CHRIST had asserted. He therefore distinguished between *eternal life* and the *kingdom of Heaven*, and asserted that unbaptized infants might have the former, although not the latter. To such meddling with the unseen and inscrutable ways of God, who teaches us to *trust* him where he has not revealed himself, Pelagius was driven. But he never dreamed of cutting the knot, by denying the *regeneration* of baptism.

But St. Augustine is an example more in point, and more *ad hominem*. He was *the first* who maintained the views of Predestination which are supposed to involve the Indefectibility of the Saints. And one who wants to see this settled beyond all answer, will find it proved in Mr. Faber's luminous and most satisfactory work, on the Primitive Doctrine of Election. Yet, ruinous as the Catholic Doctrine was, to his theory, he, modestly enough, modified the theory to suit it; but never dreamed of advancing in its place an alteration of the Faith, to suit the theory; for the whole world had no such doctrine, "neither the Churches of God." Against Pelagius he pushed the truth, with the force of a battering-ram: and while he held *the necessary perseverance of the Elect*, confessed, that it was evident that many of the *non-elect* were regenerate. To such, said he, God gives every grace, except the grace of perseverance! "God of our fathers, what is man!" To what impeachment of the divine justice and mercy, has not theory carried those who speculate beyond what is written! and yet how strongly fixed to God's word, and the Faith of the Church, must Baptismal Regeneration have been; when, without a dream of overturning it, the great bishop of Hippo, in his agony to break from his painful position, could rather hope for successful escape through the brightest attributes of GOD! However skillfully he may have fancied that he healed the breach, and covered over this sad work, the Church then, as now, regarded his theory itself as a novelty; and the alternative into which he drove him as,—if not the death of Samson,—at least the shorn strength of Augustine.

It is easy when one has apostatized, to say—"Oh, but he was never regenerate" and so to keep the doctrine of the perseverance of the Saints. But the trouble is, no one ever thought of that expedient, till very lately. Those who held the doctrine of Perseverance, answered with Augustine, "Ah, he was not one of the Elected to everlasting life, and though we cannot deny that he was regenerate in holy baptism, yet he plainly received not the grace of perseverance." Such constrained and painful talk in a circle, naturally found at last a tangent by which to shoot off. The meaning of regeneration was changed: but *Nota Bene*, it took a *durance vile* of a thousand years, to convince the prisoners that the relief was not more desperate than the bondage. Would it not be better, however, to stay where St. Augustine left it; than by another effort at consistency, to alter, what has been shown to be the words of the HOLY GHOST, and the unbroken testimony of the Church of GOD, in all her commentaries, liturgies, homilies, confessions and prayers for fifteen hundred years, from St. Paul, and St. Peter, Ignatius Polycarp, and even Augustine himself down to the very *divines who met at Westminster*! For now hear the Presbyterian Confession of Faith (chap. 28th,) "Baptism is a sacrament of the New Testament, ordained by JESUS CHRIST, not only for the *solemn admission* of the party baptized into the visible Church, but also to be unto him a *sign and seal* of the covenant of grace, of his ingrafting into CHRIST, of *regeneration*, of *remission of sins*, and of his giving up unto GOD, through JESUS CHRIST, to walk in newness of life." Hear also the Westminster Confession (quest. 165) "Baptism is a sacrament of the New Testament wherein CHRIST hath ordained the washing with water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, to be a sign and *seal* of ingrafting into himself, of *remission of sins*, by his blood, and *regeneration* by his Spirit, of adoption and resurrection unto everlasting life; and *whereby* the parties baptized are solemnly *admitted into the visible Church*, and enter into an open and professed engagement to be wholly, and only the Lord's."

I trust this *ultima ratio* will be sufficient to satisfy those of my readers for whom I have felt bound to write this tedious note, that in justice to the CHURCH, there should be no more charges of Popery against her Baptismal Office, until their own confession and catechism are purged. I would rather say—I hope that some who remain among dissenters chiefly on account of that Office, will see that consistency at least does not oblige them to stay where they are.

It is here to be noticed that there are not two kinds of baptism—there can be but one. The infant receives baptism *on the same terms* as the adult: only, as God has been pleased most mysteriously to connect child with parent, in a sinful nature, He is pleased to extend to the children also, the benefits of the parent's Faith, and spiritual nature. The faculties and perceptions of children we know nothing of, only that they can "believe in CHRIST" (St. Mark ix. 42.)—and that "it is not his will that one of them should perish." (St. Mark xviii. 14.) Their professions are made by sponsors, not for them, but *in their name*; and the benefit of baptism is bestowed; which, like their parents, they must retain on terms of *daily* penitence and faith, or risk, and perhaps lose forever.

And, because I have often been asked certain well-meant but most irrelevant inquiries, concerning the passage under review (Strophe 3), as it occurs in the poem, suffer me, gentle reader, explicitly to answer them once for all, even after so long a discussion.

The doctrine of regeneration, as here stated, does not imply the efficacy of a mere *opus operatum*: for penitence and faith are *pre-requisites* for the reception of the Sacrament (the begetting from above), being, as St. Chrysostom says, like the first preparation which the purple dyers give the fabrics to be coloured. Without this preparation, the glorious colours will not adhere: and without these *pre-requisites*, the Sacrament does not act, as in case of Simon Magus.

Yet children are baptized, because so the Apostles taught us to do and Scripture sheweth many reasons. For children have *original sin* to be washed away; they have *Faith*, inasmuch that the *great* and the *wise* have to sink to the docility, and trust of *children* before they can be baptized, as CHRIST himself teaches (St. Mark x. 15.); *penitence* they will have, all their lives, if rightly instructed "from a child in the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make them wise unto salvation." Besides, as the *first Adam* has transmitted a *sinful nature*, so the *second Adam* is able to transmit to them a *holy nature*: for which cause they are called *holy*, or *saints* (ἁγία), by St. Paul, (1 Cor. vii. 14.) Moreover in view of the great advantages secured to them, their *parents* and *sponsors* make all the professions in their name; which professions, in adult years, they allow to be their own, if they do not *openly reject* their birthright like Esau. The promises of God are explicit. "Train up a child," &c.—And, rarely, if ever, did a child religiously brought up, say deliberately, "Well, I reject my baptism, and do not accept its privi

ages." Yet, if one does not venture so far, he is most powerfully pressed with the fact, that he admits his Christian profession, and his obligation to walk agreeably thereto; and also with the danger of grieving the HOLY SPIRIT. It was thus, in early days, that generation after generation grew up in "the nurture and admonition of the LORD." So *Felix Neff*, in the high Alps, was wont to conduct his most successful instructions. So wherever, consistently, and in the spirit of faith, Christian parents act out this doctrine, their children are promised, before birth, to the LORD, and grow up like *Samuel* and *Timothy*, sanctified from earliest years.

Nor does it teach that all who are baptized are *saved*. Far otherwise. For the Spirit may be grieved away—and quenched, and this is the great incentive by which the apostles are always urging a strong contest, and *earnest holiness* of life. Lest we be *cast away*—lest having wasted the grace of GOD—having been made heirs of eternal life—we expose ourselves from the hand, out of which nothing might pluck us, —and, to quote St. Paul, "draw back unto perdition."

Besides, the grace given is *initial*, and must grow, to bring forth much fruit. It may *die* entirely, and then the member is cut off *from the VINE*. When Samuel anointed David, carnal eyes saw only the oil poured on him, yet says Scripture (1 Sam. xvi. 15), "And the Spirit of the LORD came upon David from that day forward." Surely, he often resisted—almost quenched that Spirit (Ps. 51), yet it came on him, when he was anointed with oil.

Finally, this doctrine *does* make baptism of *some* importance: while reducing it to the popular notion, it is certainly, a mere ceremony, unworthy of a Spiritual dispensation. Yet was it of sufficient importance to be connected with *Faith*, in the last words of our blessed Redeemer, before he went up—"Whosoever believeth and is *baptized*, shall be saved." It requires all that dissenters make *regeneration* to mean, as a *pre-requisite*—and then superadds *the begetting from above*, as the free gift of GOD. And then, it requires more, lest the regenerate person should receive the grace of GOD in vain. For there is no room for trust in past experiences; he is a *child*, but he must see that he is now, and always, at his father's board. If he has wandered, he is to return to his *father* at once, or be lost as a reprobate forever: but he is never to relax his diligence to make his calling and election sure. To this purport, the exhortations of the apostles are innumerable. In the third of Galatians is an instance: where the apostle thus calls them to obedi-

ence on this ground, as children of CHRIST, *by faith*. "For as many of you as have been baptized into CHRIST, have put on CHRIST; yet he calls *these same persons* "foolish," and asks them "who hath bewitched you." Yes, in the next chapter he says, "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts crying Abba, Father;" yet he adds, "I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour *in vain*."

The standard tract of Dr. Waterland, on this subject, is an excellent reference. The author of this poem was first attracted to the doctrine many years ago, by an article which appeared in the *Literary and Theological Review*, and by discovering it to be in the Westminster Confession. He had usually explained the CHURCH's *baptismal office* before that, by referring the word *regenerate* to a simple change of relation. But in a course of reading of the Holy Scriptures, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, with especial reference to texts bearing on this point, he came to the conclusions, which he afterwards found to be the impregnable doctrine of the Church of the Living God.

V.

"*That great Son of Sirach's golden page.*"

Page 16, strophe 4.

The Book of *Ecclesiasticus* is among the apocryphal writings indeed but it is nevertheless full of *inspiration*, for when did any other poet ever write with so much of the spirit of Scripture, instinct in every sentence. The first verse of the chapter is a glorious echo of human wisdom, to the inspired declaration of Solomon. "The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom," says the *proverb*: and the son of Sirach responds with the language of experience. "All wisdom cometh from the LORD, and is with him forever." Who shall teach this forgotten lesson to the *age of unbelief*?

VI.

"*Within him flames a lamp.*"

Page 17, strophe 5.

After ye were *illuminated* (Heb. x. 32.) For ye were sometimes

darkness, but now are ye *light* in the LORD; walk as children of *light*.
(Eph. v. 8.)

VII.

"Round Tibur's cliff, and Anio's leap."

Page 17, strophe 5.

Now Tivoli and Teverone.

Tibur Argæo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ.

HOR. Od. II. 6.

Domus Albunæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus.

HOR. Od. I. 7.

VIII.

"Leads like the Sybil's bough."

Page 17, strophe 5.

With which Æneas found his way to the infernal world.—Æneid VI.

Ibant obscuri, sola sub nocte, per umbram.

IX.

"Nor shall ye vaunt to me."

Page 19, strophe 6.

The effects of Heathen Superstition and Christian Faith, on the Imagination, are here compared, with reference to the great works of Phidias and Angelo. I cannot stop where Lord Byron does:

Art shall resume and *equal* even the sway,
Which, with Apelles and old Phidias,
She held in Hellas' unforgotten day.

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

The magnificent patchwork of ivory, gold, and gems, which set forth the Deus Opt. Max., of Heathenism, albeit the work of Phidias, appears to me, even with its colossal advantages, a *less* sublime conception than the stern grandeur of Michael Angelo's Moses. And I have not scrupled to assert the superiority of modern to ancient art. How *could* the ancient painters be what Angelo and Raffaele were, without oil-colours, perspective and the gardens of the Medici, and the Holy Scriptures for subjects! The antique, to be sure, overturns the pretensions of modern sculpture, to artistical rivalry, but in the comparative conceptions of sublimity, which they have embodied in stone, I know no marble *god*, that equals the marble *man* Moses, as Angelo's chisel has set him forth.

X.

"*That doomsday shriek,*" &c.

Page 19, strophe 6.

I have allowed myself this conceit, from a mysterious sort of gratification, that he who painted that Apocalypse on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, should have been named from the Archangel, whose trumpet it is supposed shall announce the terrible day! The majesty of Michael Angelo's works comports with the dignity of his name, while with singular felicity, the grace and ease, the sublime, but not terrible attributes of Raffaele's pencil, express very beautifully the idea we have of him before-hand, from the name of

"Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deigned
To travel with Tobias."

MILTON.

XI.

"*Or rived for struggling art,*" &c.

Page 19, strophe 6.

There had stood in Florence for a hundred years, a huge block of marble, to which an old sculptor had essayed to give the figure of a

an. He had failed ; and there it stood, a colossal arm, endeavouring vain to struggle out of the strong bondage of the quarry. It was no old emblem of the condition of art in Italy, when Michael Angelo took in hand. Even Leonardo da Vinci had been dismayed from attempting to finish it. No one knew what had been the old artist's design, and the trouble was to make a body, that should justify the position of the old artist's unfinished part. Michael Angelo gave the giant birth, and turned out his wonderful David, a monument of what he found his t, and of what he left it. Vide *Roscoe's Pontificate of Leo X.*

XII.

"God hid his prophet," &c.

Page 19, strophe 6.

And he buried him in a valley in the Land of Moab, over against the eth-Peor, but *no man knoweth of his sepulchre* unto this day. Deut. xxiv. 6.

XIII.

"Yearn'd for what ye despise," &c.

Page 22, strophe 6.

That is, a *Revelation* like the Gospel, and an Ark like the *Church of CHRIST*. For proof take the following from the Phædon of Plato.

"For one of these two things must be done: we must either learn the truth from others, or find it out ourselves. If both ways fail us, amidst all human reasons, we must fix upon the strongest and most forcible, and trust to that as to a ship, while we pass through this stormy sea, and endeavour to avoid its tempests, *until we find out one more firm and sure*, such as a promise or REVELATION ! upon which we may happily accomplish the voyage of this life, as in a vessel that fears no danger." A consistent Platonist then must now-a-days be a Catholic Christian ! The Church's Bible is the revelation, and the *vessel that fears no danger*, is found *almost in Plato's words*, in the baptismal office :

"We beseech thee . . . that he, being delivered from thy wrath, may be received into *the Ark of CHRIST's Church* ; and being steadfast,

&c. . . . may so pass the waves of this troublesome world," &c. &
See Common Prayer.

Moreover, in Alcibiades Second :

" *Soc.* Therefore it is altogether necessary you should wait for some person to teach you how you ought to behave yourself both towards the gods and men.

" *Alcib.* And when will that time come, Socrates ! and who is he that will instruct me ! With what pleasure would I look upon him.

" *Soc.* He will do it who takes a true care of you ; but methinks, as we read in Homer that Minerva dissipated the mist that covered Diomedes's eyes, and hindered him from distinguishing God from man, so it is necessary he should, in the first place, scatter the darkness that covers your soul, and afterwards give you those remedies that are necessary to put you in a condition of discerning good and evil, for at present you know not how to make a difference between them."

The translations are not very elegant, but appear correct. They are taken from an English third edition of the Dialogues, with good notes of which the English student would do well to possess himself. I am indebted to Prof. Lewis, of the University of New York, for referring me to a remarkable paragraph in the Republic of Plato, which really seems to set forth the need of Divine Grace assisting us, in almost the apostolic terms. *Vide Rep. Lib. V. pp. 218-19, Leipzig.* See also Prof. Lewis' *Believing Spirit.*

XIV.

" *And the wing'd soul,*" &c.

Page 23, strophe 8.

There certainly never was a conception that so fills us to inebriation with the overflow of purest beauty, as that of the *Psyche* of the ancients—the Soul—with its sprouting butterfly wings, radiant in naked loveliness, yet as far from the nudity of a Venus, as a seraph is from Belial. The chaste intellect of Greece is displayed in nothing more than in this word and thought. The *breath*, was to them the *soul*—the animator—and so *Psyche*, from their verb, *to breathe*. Then, when they noticed how it came, and went after a short stay, they found only one thing in nature quite like it—it was the Moth. And when they saw the Moth

ld up, and then come out of his sepulchre a beautiful Nymph, they
 fied so should the Soul. And so in Greek, the same word signifies
butterfly, and the *soul*. Over the mouth of a dead body, they hung a
 butterfly, to denote that the *Psyche* had flown away: and then, when
 ey made a goddess of Intellectual Beauty, she was a nymph with
 butterfly wings—the *Soul*! With *her*, Cupid fell in love; to teach us
 ow remote from the gross orgies of Venus, is the feast of pure affec-
 on—the love that binds us to a kindred *spirit*—the *love* that then only
 worthy of the name, when the pure uncontaminate soul of its object
 is attracted its worship.

XV.

“ *Her holiest altar to the UNKNOWN GOD.*”

Page 24, strophe 8.

It seemed remarkable that there, where *Plato* and *Socrates* could go
 o further, St. Paul should come, and find that strange shrine for his
 xt. I thank Raffaele for his Cartoon—but what can express the
 blimity of the moment, when, after so glorious a succession of
 e Earth’s greatest sons, as had flourished there before him for unillu-
 inated ages, the time came at last when “ *Paul* stood on Mars hill,
 ad said, Ye men of Athens,” &c.

Perhaps I should apologize for so many notes of a theological turn,
 at the reader will please remember that the poem was published for a
 ollege, and will probably fall into the hands of many collegians; and I
 n too fresh from a college myself, not to remember the dangers of an
 ndergraduate. Poetry is generally a passion with the Sophister, and
 ere is too much of it that, availing itself of the follies involved in dis-
 orted views of religion, is apt to lead him away from his Christian pri-
 leges, and his glorious inheritance. But truth is glorious, and save
 e Word of God, “ what is truth?” Little do I care what may be
 ough of my ode, if I can only render it serviceable to the earthly
 appiness and eternal bliss of one kindred soul, on whose eye the light
 f human philosophy is falling with bewildering witchery, and who
 ly needs the bright shining of the glorious Gospel to leave Plato in
 is grove, and Tully in his villa, and mount into the heaven of heavens
 ith the blessed Paul.

XVI.

"Hath temples that are miracles," &c.

Page 24, strophe 9.

What else are the gothic cathedrals? Now-a-days, we task our minds to imitate them. What were they who originated them? We build by their rules. Who were they with whom the rules were spontaneous? Morally, the cathedrals are greater wonders than the pyramids. In the next strophe, I have ventured to compare their creation to the process of crystallization. Where the light of the Gospel shone, they seemed to form as by a process of nature.

XVII.

"The star whose first," &c.

Page 26, strophe 11.

Now when JESUS was born . . . there came *wise men* from the east—*St. Matth.*

XVIII.

"Then Faith for her the studious cloister reared."

Page 27, strophe 11.

One who reads the history of the venerable Bede, and of the ancient religious houses, can scarcely rejoice that the noble foundations which piety had scattered over England, were, at the Reformation, sacrilegiously squandered on profligate courtiers, or confiscated to the throne, instead of being purified, like the Universities, and still devoted to the glory of God. How many abbeys and priories, that rightly belong to the poor Church in England, are only ornamental appendages now to overgrown baronies! And the result is—England is going fast to Radicals and Chartists,

XIX.

"*O'er blest Evangel,*" &c.

Page 23, strophe 12.

I have taken the liberty of representing Alfred as translating *the Gospels*. I have seen it asserted somewhere, by good authority, that he did so. I cannot now recall it, however, and so take refuge behind a poetic license, and put the *Evangel*, for whatever part of Scripture he *did* translate. The *Psalter*, I believe, he unquestionably translated, and I have adopted the story that he founded Oxford—though some contend that he only revived it. I have called him *honestly—England's Solomon*; and as no one ever gave that title in the same sincerity to James, I must not be accused of robbing Peter for Paul. The reader will recollect that he measured his day by the burning of tapers.

XX.

"*And teach our sires to breathe their Glory round.*"

Page 28, strophe 12.

In allusion to the custom of saying *Glory be to thee oh Lord*, when the Gospel for the day is announced by the Minister.

XXI.

"*For our apostles in an English line.*"

Page 30, strophe 13.

There is a popular error that Augustine *founded* the Church in England! Far from it. It had been founded there by Apostles, or their immediate successors. At the Synod of Arles, A. D. 314, there were present three English bishops, with a presbyter and deacon. But the British Christians having been driven inland by the *Saxons*, Augustine converted the Saxons, and subjugated the primitive bishops to the bishop of Rome, whose pre-eminence, however, was not, at that

time, the *supremacy* afterwards asserted. The British bishops wore the foreign yoke for 937 years, notwithstanding there were not wanting to her, bold witnesses against Rome's encroachments—such as Wickliffe, Grosteste, and the Lollards. These encroachments were very gradual, however; and as late as the 11th century the pope was not much *felt* in England:—he had often been *resisted*. At the Reformation, the Church did but return to her ancient foundation, by denying the usurped jurisdiction of the bishop of Rome. Till this time, the Romanists and Puritans alike agree that the *Apostolic Succession* was preserved. The Presbyterian divines, at Westminster, asserted that it had so come down to them, and none that had it not, could ordain. This they said against the Independents: and to some who asserted that the foulness of Roman superstition had voided the authority of bishops who had adopted it, they entreated the people “not to be affrighted by the bugbear words of *anti-Christian* and *popish*.” As late as Cranmer at least, then, our foes on both sides have yielded the point. Cranmer was consecrated by *Longland*, in 1533, and he by *Warham*, in 1521. The records are in Lambeth, and other places.

Cranmer consecrated *Parfew*; he, *Hoskin*; he, *Parker*; he, *Grindall*; he, *Waitgift*; he, *Bancroft*; he, *Abbot*; he, *Montaigne*; he, *Laud*; he, *Wren*; he, *Sheldon*; he, *Compton*; he, *Sancroft*; he, *Trelawney*; he, *Potter*; he, *Herring*; he, *Cornwallis*; he, *Moore*; and he, bishop *White*, the late Senior of the American Church. These few names, therefore—written with a drop of ink—carry back the succession three hundred years, and over. Yet, in each consecration, from three to eight other bishops assisted in the laying on of hands—each of whom had as many more. Four steps back from the present archbishop of Canterbury—and *forty-seven* different bishops are concerned, as consecrators, of the *twenty-seven*, who consecrated the *twelve*, who consecrated the *four*, who consecrated *him*. Yet it is sometimes asserted that *one* failure in consecration, breaks the whole. On the contrary, *forty-seven* bishops—(each of whom have *forty-seven*, four steps back from them, if *not more*)—must all have been uncanonically ordained, to break the succession. Every hundred years, therefore, lessens the *possibility* of defect: and what that *possibility* is, let schoolboys cipher out, if they can. Better trust in Him, who sent *apostles* into *all lands* and promised to be with *them* “to the end of the world.” See the admirable little Tract of *Pericival on Apostolic Succession*.

XXII.

" *Thy pure Ideal mitred saint of Cloyne !*"

Page 30, strophe 14.

Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne—his Ideal theory, and his beautiful poem "On planting Letters in America"—

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way ;"

his high encomium from Pope,

"To Berkeley, every virtue under heaven ;"

and his indefatigable efforts in behalf of education in America, are too well known to need more than reference. But his benefactions to Yale College are not so widely heard of: though a *Berkeleian Premium* is annually awarded still, from one of his foundations; and a frigid compliment is paid him in the catalogue of the Trumbull Gallery. In the picture-gallery, hangs an old portrait of the bishop (then Dean Berkeley) and his family. The dean is in his cassock—and in plain English, looks *out of place* in that atmosphere. There is an organ at Newport, in the Church there, which he gave: but he brought it out for the college which he designed to found. He offered it to the *Congregationalists* (but whether of Yale or not, I cannot say,) but they refused the *box o' whistles*, as a miserable "Popish Invention." So the Church at Newport asked for it and got it. I could not but smile, however, when at Hartford, to be waked from a doze one evening, by the roar of an *organ*, which *Æolus* himself seemed to be blowing: when on inquiry I learned that it came from the *Congregational meeting-house*, which was next door to my hotel. I believe the use of *organs* was originally one of the evils "too grievous to be borne," by which the Puritans justified their schism. Now, I learn, they are common throughout Connecticut, among all classes of dissenters; and that *Chaunts* and *Anthems* are frequently performed in their choirs. I annex an extract from *Baldwin's History of Yale College*:

"But the most beneficent benefactor of the College, at this period, was the celebrated Dr. George Berkeley, then Dean of Derby, in Ireland, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, 1732." (He gave them his farm in Rhode Island, an acknowledgment of which follows.) "But a more valuable

donation made to the College, by their disinterested benefactor, Dr Berkeley, was a collection of books—the finest (as President Clap says) that ever came together at one time into America.” According to the history of Mr. Baldwin, there were, in all, a thousand volumes, valued at four hundred pounds sterling—most of which was from the Dean’s own pocket, and the rest he *obtained from his friends*. There is something noble in this, contrasted with the treatment shown to Mr. Rector Cutler, some time before; who, for becoming a Churchman, received this gracious message,

“*Voted*, That the Trustees, in faithfulness to the trust reposed in them, do excuse the Rev. Mr. Cutler from all further service as Rector of Yale College.”

It was right perhaps that he should be no longer Rector—but why such a way of doing it? Further,

“*Voted*, That upon just ground of *suspicion* of the Rector’s or Tutor’s inclination to *Arminian* or *prelatical* principles, a meeting of the Trustees shall be called, as soon as may be, to examine into the case”!!!

XXIII.

“*Mid isles that beckon’d to a continent.*”

Page 31, strophe 14.

Bishop Berkeley, like Columbus, approached the continent of America by the way of the isles. He first went to Bermuda; and so he was led to prefer New England.

XXIV.

“*When the adoption,*” &c.

Page 32, strophe 15.

“Waiting for the adoption, *to wit*, the redemption of our body.” Rom. viii. 23.

I am indebted to an eminent scholar for the suggestion of an allusion here to the Roman custom of presenting a new-born child to its father, for his acknowledgment and embrace. If deformed, he might destroy

it, by the Laws of the Twelve Tables—or he might reject it, as not his own. We, with every creature, are described as groaning and travailing to the birth, “the glorious liberty of the sons of God.” God grant we be not rejected at the last, through CHRIST our Lord!

XXV.

“*That deep in blood,*” &c.

Page 34, strophe 17.

The painter David used to stimulate the revolutionary proscriptions, with the very professional motto—“We must grind more *red* paint.”

XXVI.

“*In that old Elder’s dread Apocalypse.*”

Page 34, strophe 17.

I have here unintentionally favoured what I find to be Mr. Croly’s interpretation of the ninth chapter of the Revelation of St. John, as prophetic of the French Revolution. It is a striking coincidence at least: let doctors decide whether it be a direct prophecy. I have adopted it by accommodation. The *scorpions* Robespierre and his triumvirs—and the quick succession of the Revolutionary armies; their flying artillery; their long crests—*like the hair of women*; their sound, *as of chariots of many horses running to battle*; and last, their king, *whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon*—all these are fearfully like! Cyrus was named beforehand by inspiration—why not Napoleon!

XXVII.

“*In Reason’s age, from pure Philosophie!*”

Page 36, strophe 17.

Paine’s “Age of Reason,” and Voltaire with his *soi-disant* philosophers, are the continual *sublime* and *ridiculous* of the whole Revolution—*sublime* in anticipations, *absurd* in results. I accommodate the old spelling of some words to the verse.

XXVIII.

" *Is gone like Summer's day.*"

Page 38, strophe 19.

Summer day is ne'er so long
But at last it vergeth to even-song.

OLD PROVERB.

Even my Notes, gentle reader, are coming to an end.

XXIX.

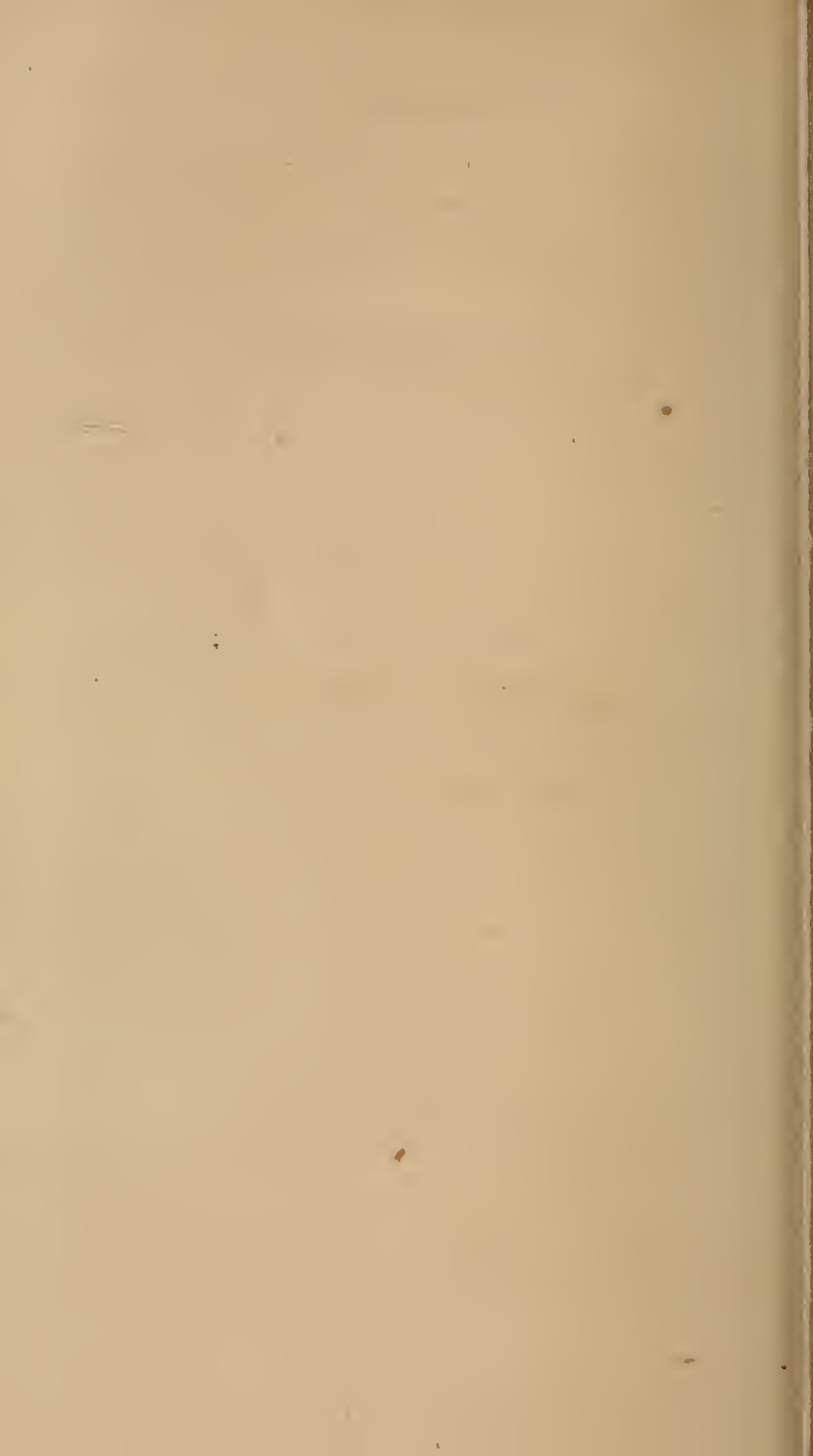
" *Run, run to your sweet Mother,*" &c.

Page 46, strophe 25.

The Gospel bids us become as little *children*, and then commits us to the *Church*, our Mother. Within her bounds we are free to range: to pass them is not freedom, but foolhardiness and ruin. Let us then be all that *mind* can be on Earth: and then humble ourselves, to be exalted. *Newton*, in his very greatness, sunk to a *child*, because he alone could see how much greater was his God! The Christian is a child in Faith, and humility, even when he shakes the world with his wisdom and power. He feels that *it doth not yet appear what he shall be*.

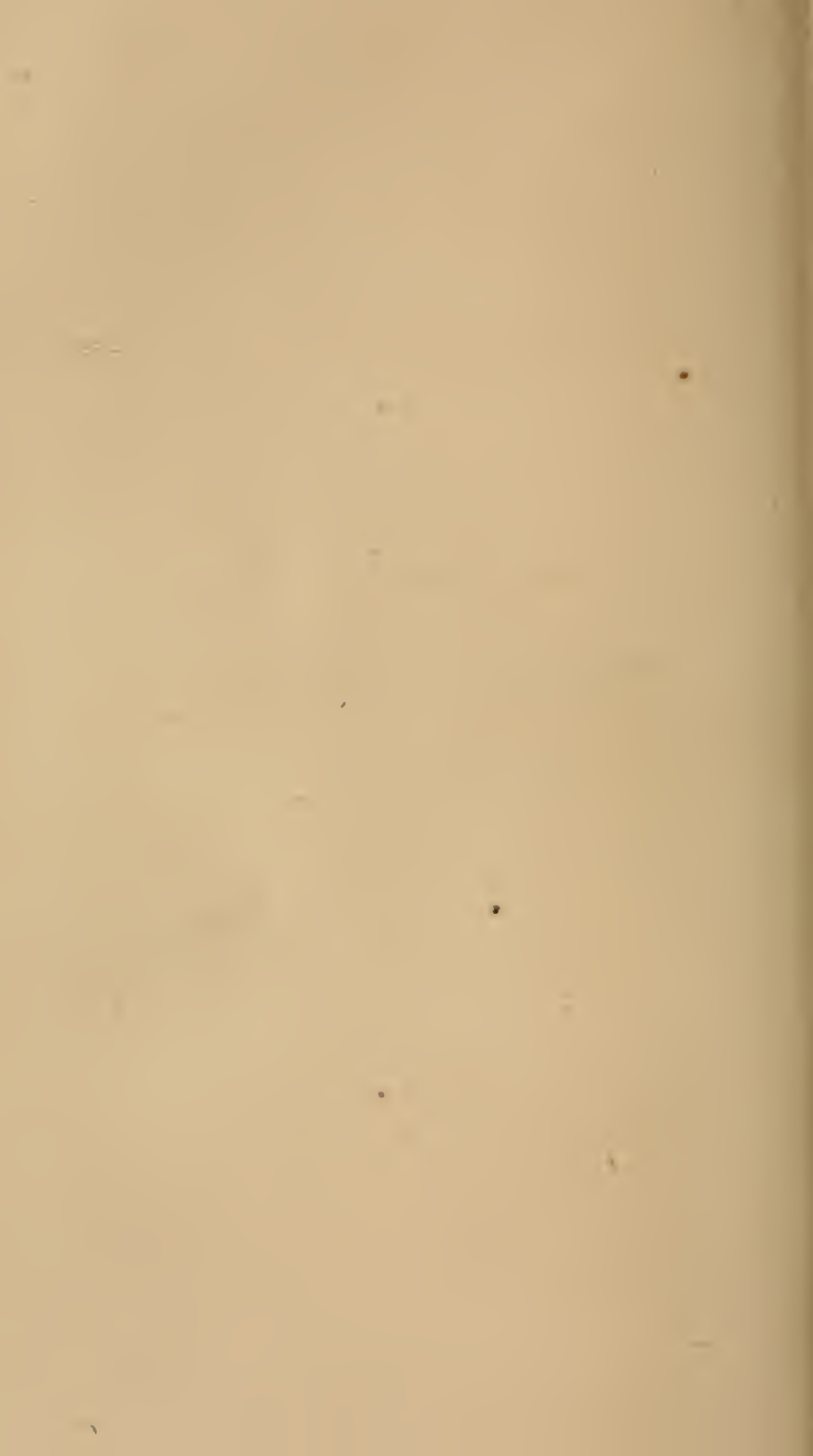
Contrast now this spirit with the great swelling words of modern "Philosophers"; and the *intellectual* self-worship of some dictators of modern rationalistic sects. What pretensions to unfettered faculties—emancipated mind—and lungs inhaling an ethereal atmosphere of pure reason! But set one of these strutting pigmies beside old Athanasius, or Chrysostom, or Ambrose! Giants of Intellect and Achievement—and yet *children*. Men whose life was one transcript of Bishop Taylor's prayer—Give us *spiritual wisdom*, that we may discern what is pleasing to thee, and follow what belongs unto our peace; and let the knowledge and the love of God and of JESUS CHRIST our Lord, be our guide and our portion all our days. Amen.





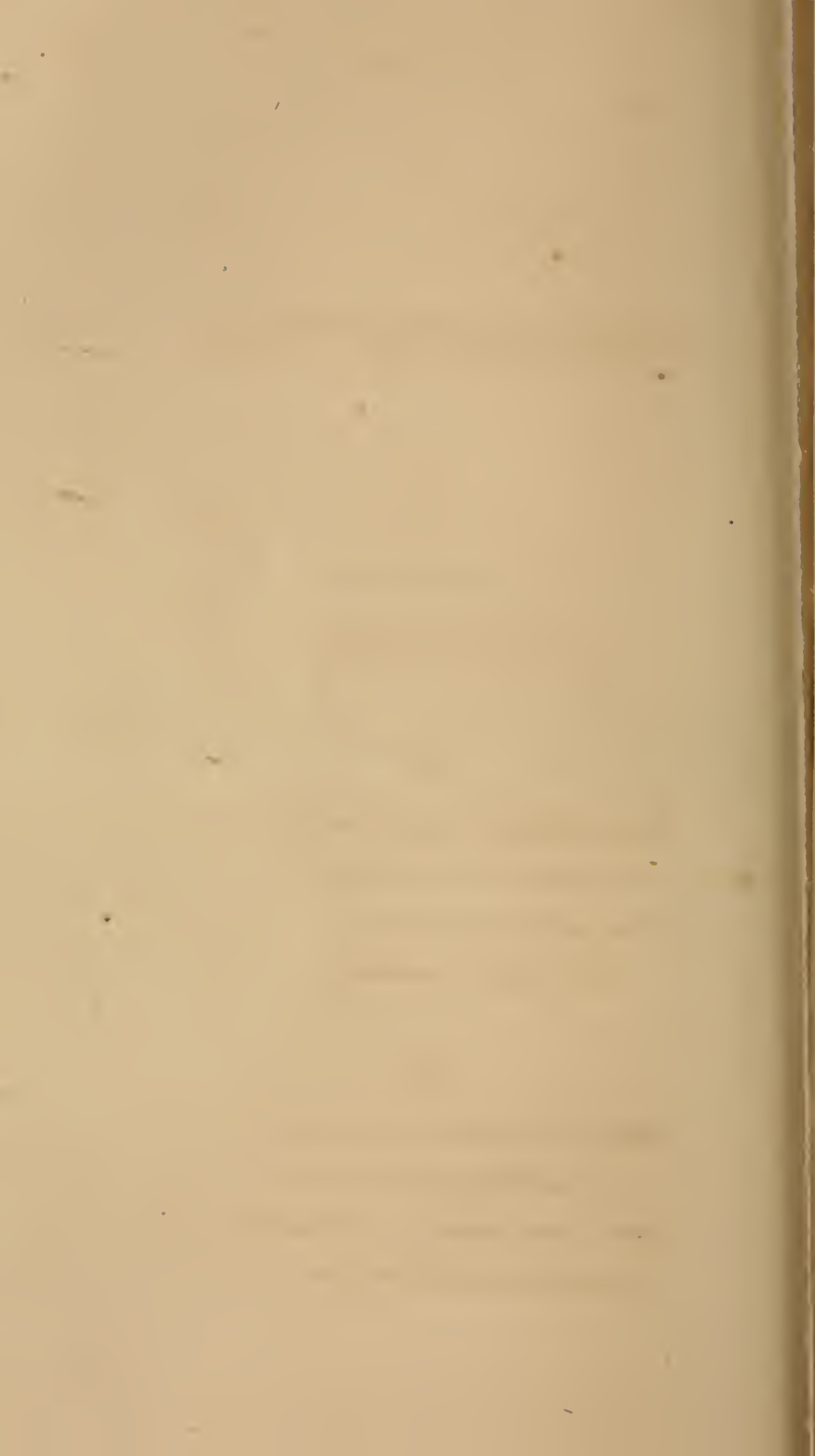
SEVERAL POEMS,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.



Advertisement.

To a majority of Poems heretofore published, some have been added, in this collection, which have not before appeared. Two or three juvenile productions, for the sake of friends chiefly, have been admitted, for which the author would bespeak all due allowances.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

WATCHWORDS.

I.

We are living,—we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time ;
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living—is sublime.

II.

Hark ! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog, to the fray ;
Hark ! what soundeth, is Creation's
Groaning for its latter day.

III.

Will ye play then! will ye dally,
With your music, with your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.

IV.

Hark, the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier!
Worlds are charging to the shock.

V.

Worlds are charging—Heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazon'd cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right!

VI.

What! still hug thy dreamy slumbers?
'Tis no time for idling play:
Wreaths, and dance, and poet-numbers,
Flout them! we must work to-day!

VII.

Fear not ! spurn the worldling's laughter ;
 Thine ambition—trample thou !
 Thou shalt find a long Hereafter,
 To be more than tempts thee now.

VIII.

On ! let all the soul within you,
 For the truth's sake, go abroad !
 Strike ! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages—tell for God !

IX.

Magog leadeth many a vassal ;
 CHRIST his few—his little ones ;
 But about our leaguer'd castle,
 Rear and Vanguard are his sons !

X.

Seal'd to blush, to waver never ;
 Cross'd, baptized, and born agen,
 Sworn to be CHRIST's soldiers ever,
 Oh, for CHRIST, at least, be MEN !

LET OUT THY SOUL.

A L E N T L A Y .

I.

Let out thy soul, and pray
 Not for thy home alone !
 Away—in prayer, away !
 Make all the world thine own !
 Let out thy soul in prayer ;
 Oh, let thy spirit grow !
 God gives thee sun and air ;
 Let the full blossom blow !

II.

There ! dost thou not perceive
 Thy spirit swell within,
 And something high receive
 That is not born of sin ?
 Oh, paltry is the soul
 That only self can heed !

Sail outward—from the shoal,
And bourgeon, from the seed !

III.

Moth and the rust consume
The spangled folds of pride ;
Dry-rot doth eat the bloom,
And gnaw the wealth we hide :
The Spirit's selfish care,
Doth die away the same ;
But give it air—free air,
And how the soul can flame !

IV.

Yestreen I did not know
How largely I could live ;
But Faith hath made me grow,
To more than Earth can give.
Joy ! for a heart released
From littleness and pride ;
Fast is the Spirit's feast,
And Lent the soul's high-tide.

V.

When for the Church I pray'd,
As this dear Lent began,
My thoughts, I am afraid,
Within small limits ran.
By Ember-week I learn'd
How large that prayer might be,
And then, in soul, I burn'd
That all might pray with me.

VI.

Plead for the victims all
Of heresy and sect ;
And bow thy knees like Paul,
For all the LORD's Elect !
Pray for the Church—I mean,
For Shem and Japhet pray :
And churches, long unseen,
In isles, and far away !

VII.

Oh, pray that all who err
May thus be gather'd in :

The Moslem worshipper,
And all the sects of sin !
For all who love in heart,
But have not found the way,
Pray—and thy tears will start !
’Twas so the LORD did pray.

VIII.

Now, when the hordes of Rome
Are up against the LORD,
All churches are our home,
And Prayer our mighty sword !
The saints’ communion—one,
One LORD—one Faith—one birth,
Oh, pray to GOD the SON,
For all his Church on Earth.

THE SOUL-DIRGE.

“ Then said JESUS, will ye also go away.”
St. John.

I.

The organ play'd sweet music
 Whileas, on Easter-day,
 All heartless from the altar,
 The heedless went away :
 And down the broad aisle crowding,
 They seem'd a funeral train,
 That were burying their spirits,
 To the music of that strain.

II.

As I listen'd to the organ,
 And saw them crowd along,
 I thought I heard two voices,
 Speaking strangely, but not strong ;
 And one, it whisper'd sadly,
 Will ye also go away ;

But the other spoke exulting,
Ha ! the soul-dirge,—hear it play !

III.

Hear the soul-dirge ! hear the soul-dirge !
And see the feast divine !
Ha ! the jewels of salvation,
And the trampling feet of swine !
Hear the soul-dirge ! hear the soul-dirge !
Little think they as they go,
What priceless pearls they tread on,
Who spurn their SAVIOUR so !

IV.

Hear the soul-dirge ! hear the soul-dirge !
It was dread to hear it play,
While the famishing—went crowding
From the Bread of Life away :
They were bidden, they were bidden
To their Father's festal board ;
But they all, with gleeful faces,
Turn'd their back upon the LORD.

V.

You had thought the church a prison,
Had you seen how they did pour,
With giddy, giddy faces,
From the consecrated door ;
There was angels' food all ready,
But the bidden—where were they ?
O'er the highways and the hedges,
Ere the soul-dirge ceased to play !

VI.

Oh, the soul-dirge, how it echoed
The emptied aisles along,
As the open streets grew crowded,
With the full outpouring throng !
And then again the voices ;
Ha ! the soul-dirge ! hear it play !
And the pensive, pensive whisper,
Will ye also go away ?

VII.

Few, few were they that linger'd,
To sup with JESUS there ;

And yet, for all that spurn'd him,
There was plenty, and to spare ;
And now the food of angels,
Uncover'd to my sight,
All-glorious was the altar,
And the chalice glitter'd bright !

VIII.

Then came the hymn TRISAGION,
And rapt me up on high,
With angels and archangels
To laud and magnify ;
I seem'd to feast in Heaven ;
And downward wafted then,
With angels chanting round me,
Good will and peace to men.

IX.

I may not tell the rapture
Of a banquet so divine ;
Ho ! every one that thirsteth,
Let him taste the bread and wine !

Hear the Bride and Spirit saying,
Will ye also go away ?
Or—go, poor soul, for ever !
Oh ! the soul-dirge—hear it play !

ISCARIOT CHAPEL.

“ Denying the ONLY LORD GOD, and our LORD JESUS CHRIST.”

Judas not Iscariot.

I.

I pass'd the door of a conventicle ;
And sooth ! it was so good a counterfeit,
I called the thing, a CHURCH ; and bade them tell
What name of holy saint they gave to it.
And when I learn'd the truth, I said—how swell
These frogs ! and what a shocking fit
The garb of old religion may appear !
The lion's hide, but ah—the donkey's ear !

II.

Dream not I ventured in ! Unstable souls
 Were crowding the unconsecrated door :
 And when I saw, I wept. Hot burning coals
 Seem'd every tear. I thought—how they adore
 mountebank ! to worship whom, such shoals
 Make holiday—and waft him incense, more
 Than some, baptized, will to their SAVIOUR pay,
 Where the true church-bells beckon them to pray.

III.

Unstable souls ! what faith do they profess ?
 The preacher's !—And what, he ? Why, faith, his own !
 Whence came it ?—From his own abstractedness !
 To what amounts it ?—To this pile of stone !
 And should he die ?—Oh ! some one else, I guess,
 Will come along ; or lots will then have grown
 So valuable, that we can sell it out,
 At a snug gain of ten per cent., no doubt.

IV.

JESU, MESSIAH ! didst thou bleed for this ?
 For this, in agonies didst thou expire ?

Is it for this, we read the vestiges

Of thine old saints, in blood, and martyr-fire ?

Ah, none but he who sold thee with a kiss

Should name this pile : and let the crowd admire

Their mob-made priest ! But he's no son of thine,

Who fumes the pagod of this godless shrine !

THE HEART'S SONG.

"Behold I stand at the door."

OUR SAVIOUR.

I.

In the silent midnight watches,

List thy bosom-door ;

How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh,

Knocketh evermore !

Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating,

'Tis thy heart of sin ;

'Tis thy Saviour stands entreating,

Rise, and let me in.

II.

Death comes down with equal footstep
To the hall and hut ;
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut !
JESUS waiteth—waiteth—waiteth ;
But thy door is fast :
Griev'd, at length away he turneth ;
Death breaks in at last !

III.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
CHRIST to let thee in ;
At the door of Heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas, thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
JESUS waited long to know thee,
But—he knows thee not !

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

The mourners go about the streets.

Eccles.

I.

'Tis New-Year's Day ! The Promenade
 Is all alive ;—but yet 'tis solemn !
 Music and mirth, and masquerade,
 As on they march in solid column,
 Old Time their captain—Death their foe,
 And to be shot at—how they go !

II.

'There's a great action to be fought !
 But first they love a little funning ;
 A rubber with old Death, for nought ;
 A match 'gainst Time—they're dicing, running,
 And still *en route* ! Ho ! *Tête d'armée*,
 March ! *En avant* ! I heard Time say !

III.

The world is out, the world's astir ;

The beau with smiles the belle is cheering ;

Old Time, the while, at him and her,

Arm-lock'd with Death, sits calmly leering :

Ho, Death, says Time—a fair game ! very !

We winners, grave—the losers, merry !

IV.

A happy year ! old Death, hear that !

This year makes her two wrinkles older,

And he'll find locks beneath his hat,

And stray hairs, dropping on his shoulder,

Gray—as your own pale steed, old Death !

But hush ! don't laugh above your breath !

V.

Ay, brother Time : See that young limb,

Heir to his Father's gains on cotton !

I've kept the merchandise for him,

Three yards to wrap him—cold and rotten :

The gains—will come a day too late,

Save silver for his coffin-plate !

VI.

Year after year—year after year !

Old faces gone—raw conscripts coming ;

From the old rounds they disappear,

But still the promenade keeps humming !

See how they march ! Death, shoot some arrows ;

Blank cartridges—for joints and marrows !

VII.

Rheums, chills, and aches ! Shoot sly—take care !

Now—bravo ! isn't it amazing !

We're giving them our broadest stare,

And no one sees us sit here gazing !

Nay, look !—there's one old man can see ?

Strange, cried old Death,—he smiles at me !

VIII.

Poh—yes ! He isn't worth our game ;

I saw him, when St. Paul's was tolling,

Go in to prayers ; and out he came,

And smiled to see my wheel a-rolling ;

Answer'd old Time ! But come this way,

Snap up the fools that will not pray !

IX.

Such was the talk I seem'd to hear,
Amid the buzz, the jests, and greeting !
There's mockery to my simple ear,
In mirth—when our poor life is fleeting !
Smile—only ye, whose Faith sublime
Hath years—beyond the years of Time !

LAMENT.

The years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure.

Eccles.

I.

Years are coming hither
When this heart so gay,
Much I fear will wither !
Youth's away—away.

Men are brothers—brothers !

Oh ! I tremble then,
Lest I grow as others
Of my fellow-men.

II.

Those of whims and wrinkles,
Once were blithe as I ;
Heads that frost besprinkles,
Once look'd bonnily ;
And where winter lingers
Upon the old man's curls,
Have play'd the taper fingers
Of well-beloved girls.

III.

Oh, must the years come on me
When these are no delight !
Must frost-work fall upon me,
And deadliness and blight ;
This heart that loves the summer,
Be chilly as the cold ;
And I be dim, and dumber
Than the mummies of the Old !

IV.

And am I surely growing
In soul and senses seal'd,
Like him who, all unknowing,
Is frozen and congeal'd !
I know it—ah, I know it ;
Of all the world 'tis true ;
And the fibres of the poet
Must break—or toughen too.

V.

Thank God with all my spirit
For my only, only cheer,
Since I learnt that I inherit
A destiny so drear.
But now I care not for it,
And welcome is the grave ;
Oh why should I abhor it,
Since only it can save !

VI.

I've seen a worm that weaveth
His shroud as with delight ;

Then sleeps, as who believeth,
He only bids good night.
Then up again he springeth,
A wing'd and elfin form ;
Away, away he wingeth,
An angel from a worm !

VII.

Wise worm! and I, his brother,
Will learn from him to live !
A lesson that no other
So beautiful can give.
Oh, weave in life thy swathing,
And then in CHRIST repose !
Who maketh life a plaything
Is born to many woes.

TALLEYRAND.

I.

In stranger homes, beyond our vision's power,
 If we must dwell, when we have lived our day,
 What shall it boot to gain, for one brief hour,
 The whole wide world—and lose the soul for aye !
 Thus while I muse, my soul delights to pray,
 And oft, at even, will itself beguile
 Star-gazing into ether, far away,
 Where I shall live, when fades each glittering isle,
 That looks from highest heaven with many-dimpled smile.

II.

They gave a dead man's mask into my hand,
 A lean, lank cast—a death's head clad in skin !
 LORD of thy saints ! and this was TALLEYRAND !
 The house that Judas-spirit haunted in !
 Through these shrunk lips, the being that had been
 Mitred and blessed, beneath this dry skull-bone,
 Went out ! I shudder at the death of sin !

Went out—but whither ! went—and went alone,
Mute—but alive with fears that were too mad to moan.

III.

If in that parting moment, as some deem,
The soul doth waken up, with many a sense
It had not known before—and spirits seem
All palpably array'd to bear it hence ;
How raved this spirit for some strong defence,
'Gainst grappling fiends that claim the perjurd soul !
How blench'd to meet the high Omnipotence !
How shriek'd to hear, just launching from this goal,
Thy waves, ETERNITY—in everlasting roll !

IV.

Oh, crusty skull ! what tenants thou hast held
In the strange thoughts, that, like a caravan,
Came in, and went ; and, one by one, impell'd
To his soul's barter, that apostate man !
Doubts, fears, bold ventures, tremblings—here they ran !
Ambition—dread ; strong fright—and stronger lust ;
The deed ; remorse—and then, the death began
That ends, at length, in this ! Thou, LORD, art just !
These lips blasphemed thy name, and now these lips are dust !

V.

Bishop of Autun ! Yes—this toothless mouth,
 These shrivell'd lips vowed TALLEYRAND to GOD !
 These parchment lips, that now are sere with drouth ;
 These blasted lips—death-frozen and unthaw'd,
 These gave the oath, and breathed the vow abroad ;
 And now the LORD hath scathed them ! all within
 Has fled—and this, his monumental clod,
 Remains to mock him—mouth and pointed chin,
 Sharp bones and hollow eyes—a moral—and a grin !

VI.

Come ! dress it up !—A mitre on this brow !
 Chimar and rochet o'er the shoulders fling !
 Give his wan fist the pastoral staff—and now,
 Shall Ca-Ira—or old Te Deum ring !
 Which shall he hear—for both he used to sing ?
 Thy hymn, MARSEILLES,—thy hymns, MILAN, he knew !
 And either, like the second death, would sting !
 Which—which would pierce this ear's dry chambers through,
 If now, avenging God, thy judgment trumpet blew !

VII.

Ha! he was high-priest once at Notre Dame,
In Mary's Church the pimp of LIBERTÉ!
Chanting for Hell-let-loose, the infernal psalm,
And swinging censers for the CHAMP-DE-MAI!
Here's the last act of that Satanic play,
This skull of PERIGORD, who gave mankind
A glimpse of Tophet in high holiday,
And struck the affrighted nations blear and blind,
With but the glance they caught, and what they fear
behind.

VIII.

Name not Marat—Orleans—nor black Voltaire :
These fright me not from tales of modern Gaul ;
Devils have names, and he must meet them there,
Who reads those bloody chronicles at all ;
But thine, BRIENNE—thine, TALLEYRAND, appal !
Ye that betray'd God's altars, where, of old,
Nations of martyrs thought it joy to fall,
And bought the truth with better things than gold,
Which ye—Isariots both—for worse than silver sold !

IX.

Poor Church of GAUL! 'twas CHRIST's own scourge on thee;
He gave thee such apostles, in his wrath!
Traitor wert thou, in England's agony,
False to thyself, and true to them of Gath!
Poor Church of Gaul! how low the Roman hath
Bow'd thy weak knee—because thou wouldst not stand!
Up, up, poor Church! and, in thine ancient path,
Let old POTHINUS lead thee! Thou wert mann'd
With sterner stuff, at first—than such as TALLEYRAND!

X.

God of thy martyrs! and could Rome amend
A traitor's life, in life's last idiot hour?
Then dirge, and unction, and a heartless end,
With priests and wafers, have surpassing power!
These jaws once more the CORPUS did devour,
As breath was ebbing from them: can it be
Such etiquette will chase the clouds that lower
Round the poor sinner's mortal agony?
He died in Rome's embrace: LORD, let me die in thee!

GOD OPES THE WAY.

A HYMN FOR THE TIMES.

I.

I'll weep no more—for tears are shame !
 No more I'll sing ; my harp is still :
 But I have yet a soldier's name,
 And still the battle-note can thrill ;
 The humblest voice may sound alarm ;
 Ho, then ! for CHRIST—arm, soldiers, arm !

II.

Our foes are many a barbarous clan ;
 Yes—and the iron hordes of Rome !
 But up ! what !—sleep'st thou, Christian man,
 While these make havoc of our home ?
 Kings, hosts, are theirs—and gold, and towers :
 But count them not !—the LORD is ours.

III.

Blow up the trump ! Send warning forth,
To every land CHRIST's sons have trod ;
Call up from South, and East, and North,
The strong Church Catholic of GOD !
Peace, doubtful tongue ! nor stammer Nay ;
Have but the heart—GOD opes the way !

IV.

Ho ! to the British legions strong ;
Ho to the Swede—the Dane—the Russ !
Let these but roll the cry along,
And GOD's wide world shall wake for us !
Once more shall old Nicæa speak,
And far Armenian, answer Greek.

V.

Think ye the Hindu world shall hear,
And send no echo to the sound ?
Exulting nations shall give ear,
And Himmalayah's heights resound ;
For not in vain, their torrid air
Martyrs the Northern bishops there !

VI.

Copt, Abyssinian—from the dust
Of ages, shall their raiment shake :
And many spirits of the just,
In these degenerate sons awake !
Dry bones they are—but God can raise
Old Antony, and Athanase.

VII.

And where the pirate lurks along,
By old Numidia's hallowed shore,
Or Carthage, echoes back the song
Of idle rover to his oar,
Altar-and column yet shall tell
How Austin died—how Cyprian fell.

VIII.

Wake, CHURCH OF GOD ! 'tis not for thee
Like Dagon on the earth to lie ;
Be all thy LORD hath bid thee be,
And wear the name CHRIST calls thee by !
Mother and bride—I deem it shame
Thou shouldst not wear thy spousal name.

IX.

Mother! thy spoiler is thy child!

The Roman scarr'd the Saviour's side,
And now, the Roman, reconcil'd,

Scars the fair bosom of his bride!
Mother—thou couldst not know before,
That earth could bear one Judas more!

X.

But, light this world-wide zone of fire,

'Twill hedge the Latin scorpion in;
Etna and Alp—a funeral pyre
Forever, to the man of sin!
Tours and Milan were fuel then,
To burn the dragon in his den!

XI.

Once more Byzance were Constantine's;

The LORD can make it ours once more;
Ay—priests should bless the sacred signs,
Again, on St. Sophia's floor;
Again, her cross should tower in air,
O'er Earth's apostles, councill'd there.

XII.

LORD—but it makes me strong to think,
How then would quail the hosts of Trent !
How Rome's outnumber'd hordes would shrink,
Before that holy parliament !
Rome's patriarch, too, should hear the call,
And Rome herself obey, or fall.

XIII.

Up, let your sword with prayer be bright !
Our Captain CHRIST shall lead us through ;
Though strong our foes—the red-cross knight
Ne'er calls his Captain's ranks too few.
Faith, be thy shield ; thy watchword—Pray :
Have but the heart : GOD opes the way.

SONNETS.

TO JOHN JAY, ESQUIRE.

JULY 4, 1838. *From the Highlands of the Hudson.*

I.

'This noisy day of young Columbia's note,
 Which her sons keep, to shew that they are free,
 By putting on mad Riot's slavery,
 And chains far worse than George's were, I wote :
 This Summer day, dear Jay, did I devote,
 To climb old Buttress : 'twas a brilliant morn,
 And up the windings of old Hudson borne,
 Far cannonade and feu-de-joie did float.
 Half up I paus'd : a-weary, and inclin'd
 To view awhile what I had left behind,
 The vales below, and many a banner'd boat ;
 And sad to gaze on many a vapid wreath,
 Belch'd forth, like curses, in the towns beneath,
 With vollied clamours, from the cannon's throat.

II.

Thus, on the world, I cried, the soul must gaze
That hath put off its clog, and turns to view
The dreary valley it hath travell'd through,
In purer air, and realms beyond the haze.
So I, half up the mountain, in amaze,
Look down upon the folly of the crowd,
And pity the poor revel, that so loud
Reverberates adown these God-built ways.
Oh then, how poor ariseth such a din
In his dread ear, who o'er a world of sin,
In tender pity, weeps, as he surveys
The man He made of fine intelligence,
Belittling so his glory, and his sense,
And wasting thus his Life, and golden days !

III.

Let me go higher ! And again I went
And felt the mountain, like a ladder, set
To raise my yearning spirit higher yet
T'wards that dear Heaven, on which my heart is bent.
Thus ever be the broil and discontent
Of Earth beneath me ! Ever let me rise

As then, still nearer to my native skies,
And feed on glorious thrills of wonderment !
I gain'd the top, and then I climb'd a pine :
And there awhile I bask'd me, in the shine
Of an unclouded noontide, and upsent
My spirit's anthem, to the God who gave
The scene I saw, the mountain and the wave,
And happy farms o'er all the map besprent.

IV.

Oh then, dear friend, if thou hadst been with me,
And with us two—the other ! We had been,
Methinks, in rapture, gazing on the scene,
Though all too faintly, like the blessed three,
Who on the mountain were allow'd to see
Transfigur'd God ! For on that mountain bare,
I could but feel 'twas holy to be there,
Upraised in soul—uplifted bodily.
Alas ! the great apostles, when they came
Down from that height that glow'd with living flame,
Were met by crowds, like those awaiting me ;
A boisterous rout, a clamouring multitude ;
And boys, led on by one in frantic mood,
With Satan in him, and all Deviltrie !

V.

The Lord deliver from the power of ill,
The crowds I met, as then of old he did ;
Or else, my country, speedy will be hid
Thy rising star, when such as these shall fill
Thy Senate-chairs, and mould the people's will.
Oh, who, from such, but would with pride reject
The beastly glory of the mob's respect,
And all their praise by rhetoric or quill !
For me—on Buttress-top a laurel grows ;
I found it there, in blossom like the rose,
And all alone, in elevated thrill,
I pluck'd the omen, and the moral felt.
Seek wreaths above the world—I said, and knelt
In Heaven's pure smile, on proud old Buttress-hill !

SONNET

INSCRIBED ON AN ÆOLUS' HARP.

Oh little harp, thou art a soulless thing,
And hast nor life, nor feeling ; and the care
Of this sad world thou knowest not, nor dost share
The old man's tears—the young heart's suffering. .

Yet ev'n when Summer's breeze assails thy string,
With kiss all soft, but yet too rough for thee,
Thou grieve'st ; and thine elfin wail to me
Is more than I can bear : for thou dost sing
In unison with my deep spirit's lyre,
That is of finer fibre even than thine ;
And oh, when tempests are o'ersweeping mine,
And the rough storm would break each tender wire,
What wonder if they vibrate, and outpour
Notes desolate as thine, and thoughts complaining more.

TO DANIEL HUNTINGTON, ESQUIRE.

ON HIS EMBARKING FOR ITALY.

Go, gaze on Como, and the mirror'd sky
Of the old lakes where poets lov'd to dwell ;
But love o'er Alp or Appenine, as well,
To climb the crags, or tread the mountains high,
Renown'd in song, of rare old Italy.
Nor oft forget to thrid the wild ravines
Of Teverone, mid the sunny scenes,
My fancy pictures dimly : and which I
Long thought to visit even bodily.

But this denied, still half my prayer is gain'd,
Since thou art going ; by whose pencil feign'd
On canvass, soon, I promise my sad eye
To see that summer-clime so well explain'd,
As shall content me, even here to die.

TO EDWARD HENRY HYDE.

FROM THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE BISHOP HOBART.

Here, with a friend, that, as a brother dear,
My spirit claims for kin, dear Edward, I
Am lounging off my Summer vacancy
In merry mood, and happiness sincere.
And oft, in morning walk, by streamlet clear,
Or copsy dell, I think, and talk of thee,
And how thou once wast wont to stroll with me !
Then too we notice how the waning year
Hangs a drear warning, upon every tree,
That time is fleeting, and as fleeting we.
And other morals in our walks we see,
At every turn—for sainted HOBART here,
On field, and grove, hath writ his memory,
And oft some tree he planted claims a tear.

TO C. VERBRYCK, ESQUIRE.

I'll spoil a sonnet, but I'll tell thee now,
How much I love thy reveries and dreams,
Thy vein poetic, and thy darling themes
Of dear pursuits ; and stories that allow
The frequent laugh—though thou canst weep, I trow !
And how I love to plot with thee, sweet schemes
Of future life, commingling the extremes
Of mirthful hours, and days of thoughtful brow.
For, like a strange Chiar'oscuro, thou
Hast in thy soul mysterious power of shade,
While thy warm heart, of sun-shine's self is made ;
And if thou'lt labour out thyself, enow,
Upon thy canvass—all, I promise you,
Will love the Picture, and the Painter too !

TO J. H. H.

Harry—the Fifth ! But once dear mad-cap Hal !
How changed is Hal indeed ! Bethink thee, friend,
How we began a life that ne'er shall end,

That ne'er shall die,—tho' worlds and empires shall
We were together, when, so musical,

The dance and banquet were our fond delight,
The club, and friendly converse, all the night,
And life itself was one gay festival!

Bethink thee, then, of steadier hours—but bright,
Yea, brighter than before—on mountain-height,
And in Westchester's dells, and deep ravines!
Have I not conjured up a thousand scenes!

Forget them all!—God's altars are in sight;
CHRIST calls for soldiers. Arm we now for fight!

TO J. I. T., ESQUIRE.

ON HIS RETURN FROM TRAVEL.

Safe home already! Well, I did not dream
Greece, Turkey, and the land of Nile, so near!
When I learn'd my Geography—'tis queer!
Those countries like some Fairyland did seem,
Where Beauty and the Beast, or Polypheme,
Or men with heads beneath their armpits dwelt!
And even in elder years, remote I felt
From those old regions of Homeric theme.
But—oh ye powers of Wonder and of Steam!

I welcome thee, unchanged, from those same lands ;
And scarce 'twas yesterday when we shook hands !
How did you leave old Athens—and the Pnyx !
What ! In an omnibus ! At half-past six,
On Friday week ! And Athens built of bricks !

TO JOHN FINLEY SMITH, M. A.

PROFESSOR OF GREEK, HAMILTON COLLEGE.

I have no wealth in gold—but in my friends,
I count me richer than the millionaire,
Or any king that reigneth anywhere,
Where the dear Sun his daily glory sends ;
Oh—for such wealth, could kingdoms make amends !
The glorious Arts have each their devotee,
In the blest circle that have hearts for me ;
And thou art Music's child : and when she blends
Her voice with festal songs—or when ascends
On diapason-blasts, her soul in pray'r,
Controll'd by thee—'tis blessed to be there !
I've seen the thrill'd piano made a part
Of thine own soul—and not a thing of Art ;
The swelling organ's self has seem'd thy heaving heart !

TO S. H. C.

Had I, dear brother, but a Sabine farm
Where to my friends, like Horace's of old,
Could crowd, and keep their holidays, when cold
The Winter pipes her rude and shrill alarm :
Oh, had I such a home—where, free from harm
Life might glide easy to some quiet tune,
And bear me through my journey not too soon ;
Say would I lack for friends to give the charm ?
Thou knowest the hearts so generous and warm,
With whom I interchange that holy name !
Yet even than friendship, there's a holier claim ;
God made my brother—but my friends I chose :
The same dear bosom nursed us : the same throes
Gave us our life—I'll love thee to its close !

TO A FRIEND.

WITH AN ECCE HOMO OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

See, crown'd with thorns, thy Saviour and thy King !
The Meek and Lowly, and the bleeding brow !
Oh, in his lowliness, how awful now,

How all the God shines out in suffering !
Around the Virgin-born, the rabble cling ;
At that mild eye, they gape unmoved ; and sounds
Their ruffian-laugh, to gall his many wounds ;
Now shall thy treach'ry add a deeper sting !
Hast thou another deadlier scoff to fling,
Like Judas' kisses, on that smitten cheek !
Was this shorn lambkin, but a martyr meek,
And not thy God ! Then kiss him not, nor call
The LORD OF GLORY, pretty names at all ;
The Bride of CHRIST defends his name Majestical !

TO J. J.

Make me a word from some sweet tongue they speak
In better lands ; that I may call thee by
A name that's worthy of the nameless tie,
I feel for thee and Harry : Goth and Greek
Have left unmoulded the sweet word I seek,
And tho' my soul half whispers it, I try
In vain to utter forth its harmony :
So, oft when Thought is full the Tongue is weak.
The spirit's kin ! It maketh language tame,

For viewless as the magnet's sympathy,
Earth hath no share in its deep mystery,
And gives the holy brotherhood no name.

'Tis Heaven's alone ! who first of our dear three,
Shall learn what kin we are—in Immortality ?

Morrisania, October, 1841.

THEOPHANY,

OR THE VISION OF HABBAKUK.

I.

The sun has set on Palestine,
And double night is there,
The dark has blotted out the stars,
And awed the stilly air :
Yet lingers in the west a streak
Of lurid steely glare.

II.

The day's last smile it is ; but night
Is darker for the glow ;
And blackness scowls more fearfully
For light that lowereth so,
As tempest is more terrible
That cometh hushed and slow.

III.

And silence reigns. But ply your oars,
When sirens sing their psalm.
The sea is mighty when it roars,
Is glorious dashed on mountain shores,
But awful when 'tis calm.
Then who can bear the glassy glare
For miles around it gives,
Unruffled here, unmoving there,
No sign of aught that lives :
For silence is the harbinger
Of storm and tempest near :
The mildness of the distant flash
Till thunders rend the ear !

IV.

And silence subtilly doth creep
From slumber's noiseless caves ;
And o'er the desert broodeth deep,
Or e'er the blast the waste doth sweep
And heave its sandy waves.
And earthquake wakes not till the wind
Hath ceased its noisy blow,
Nor glows the hot volcano's glare

Till the dumb fiend enchains the air
And calms the sea below.

V.

So comes the tornade of the west,
So comes the whirlwind, now ;
Yon cloud in deadly stillness drest,
That seemeth but a babe at rest,
Shall make Libanus bow.

VI.

The storm came on. 'Twas middle night
Before it ceased ; and there,
Bending beneath the winds that toss'd
His hoary beard and hair,
Upon a mountain's craggy height
The Prophet pour'd his prayer.

VII.

Oh not to him that tempest came
With rattling thunder, lurid flame
And rushing winds, as when
Through the torn skies, Jehovah's wrath
Doth blaze adown the lightning's path,
To tame the hearts of men ;

Oh not to him, that raging blast
That toss'd his white locks as it pass'd
Was terrible alone :
There was amid those lightnings warm,
A spirit floating in the storm,
A shape of fear—an awful form
Unspeakable—unknown !

VIII.

Yet when the whirlwind went, and still
Was every leaf and sound,
When the dark night had settled chill,
And calm came brooding round,
His voice was heard—and thus his prayer
Rose wildly on the frightened air.

IX.

Lord, I did hear thy speech. With palsied fears
I heard and trembled ! Lord, in midst of years,
In midst of years thine awful might make known,
Yet in thy wrath, let mercy, Lord, be shown.

X.

God came from Teman, and the Holy One
From Paran's Mount—his glory like the sun !

Astonished nations learned his wondrous ways,
And Earth resounded with its Maker's praise.
He came and glorious was his presence bright !
Dwelt in his hands, the symbols of his might :
Before him flew the angel of his ire :
Blazed at his feet live coals of burning fire.

XI.

He stood and spanned the Heavens. The nation shook
Awed by the terrors of his angry look ;
Reeled the eternal hills, the mountains bowed,
Wide quaked the world, and roared the thunders loud.
Sad Cushan mourned—and Midian's curtained land
Trembled beneath the chastening of his hand.
In sore displeasure, o'er the river's tide,
Fierce did the chariots of his anger ride ;
And—bent his bow to do his oath and word,
Th' affrighted mountains trembled as they heard !
The swelling waters feared his naked rod !
Say, was thine anger 'gainst the rivers, GOD !
The deep o'erflowed, and uttered forth its cry,
Murmur'd the waves, and raised their hands on high ;
The Sun and Moon stood still, or went with fear,
When shone thine arrows and thy glittering spear,

War with the earth, in fury thou didst wage,
And thresh'd the Heathen in thine awful rage.

XII.

So didst thou bruise the curst oppressor's sons !
So save thy people, thine anointed ones !
So didst thou sweep them with thy blasting flame,
Whose fury kindled at thy prophet's name.

XIII.

I heard and trembled ! awful was thy voice,
Quiver'd my lips—yet still will I rejoice !
Ev'n though no figs reward the labourer's care,
Ev'n though the vine forget her fruit to bear,
Though grateful olive yield no more her oil,
Though harvests spring not from the planted soil,
Yet still in thee, my God, will I rejoice,
And to thy praises tune my thankful voice !

THE HEBREW MUSE.

AN ODE.

I.—1.

Break forth in song—awake, sweet lyre !

No more should Winter's breath profane the strings,

That erst were fann'd by seraph-wings ;

But let thine ancient God the song inspire !

From thee of old harmonious shell,

What strains of heav'nly music fell

When sainted David touch'd thy trembling chords !

A mortal singing angels' words ;

When warm with inspiration's fires,

He swept with flying hand thy quiv'ring wires,

And shed a thrilling rapture round ;

While Heaven was bent to hear, and God approv'd the sound.

I.—2.

Oh ! holy harp of nobler strain

'Than Homer's torrent-song, or Maro's lay,

Long have thy golden strings in slumber lain,
Since that, thy brightest day.
Yet wake again—be strung once more,
To sing those Prophet-Bards of yore
That on thy wires their glowing praise express'd,
In song forth-flaming from their breast ;
Since first the leader of th' anointed host
Beheld the proud Egyptian's boast,
Humbled beneath his vengeful rod,
And sung with rapturous voice the triumph of his God.

I.—3.

Whelm'd beneath the angry wave,
Lay the mighty and the brave,
While the sons of Abram stood,
Triumphant o'er the swelling flood,
And view'd their billowy grave.
Then Moses sang the thrilling story,
By the raging waters hoary,
While the timbrels joined the chorus
And the virgins tuned their voice :
Shout ! our foes are fall'n before us,
And ye holy tribes rejoice !

Behold the rescue that your God hath made,
Behold the horse and rider in the deep,
Low 'neath the surge is haughty Pharaoh laid,
And Egypt's daughters are but left to weep.
Vain were their men of war—their chariots vain,
Our God but sent his breath—th' embattled hosts were slain.

II.—1.

Hush'd is the song. The muse divine,
Led by the mystic cloud and pillar'd blaze,
With pilgrim feet o'er desert ways,
Journeys tow'rd's Canaan's land of milk and wine.
At length on Sion-hill she stood,
A home so pleasant, and how good !
And waked to song once more her sullen shell.
Thy monarch heard, oh Israel,
When gloom and grief perplex'd his breast,
And guilt's dark fears his harrow'd soul oppress ;
Lull'd by the sound, becalm'd and still,
See, Saul's stern spirit tame, at music's holy thrill !

II.—2.

Hark ! in the palace-halls the lay,
Sung by the royal bard is rising high,

The monarch's fingers o'er the harp-strings play,
And like an angel's fly.
Around the heav'nly glory streams ;
All-radiant with ethereal beams,
The dove-like SPIRIT lights upon the lyre,
And fills with life each conscious wire ;
While echoing round the dazzled chamber rings,
With melodies that Gabriel sings,
When high in heav'n the song ascends,
And o'er his raptured harp, th' adoring seraph bends.

II.—3.

Now, emerging from the wood,
Wrapt in odours sweet and good,
Like the rose that Sharon rears,
Lo ! a stately form appears,
While Spring unbinds the flood.
Before him fairest flowers are blowing,
On the air their incense throwing,
Loud the vocal groves are ringing,
See the budding fig-trees bloom ;
Hark ! the turtle-dove is singing,
And the vineyard yields perfume !
The bard with joy his holy lay prolongs,

Bids Salem's nymphs with Sion's queen rejoice,
 Warbles with tuneful tongue THE SONG OF SONGS,
 And charms the list'ning mountains with his voice.
 Nor far behind him comes a rev'rend sire,
 His harp with rapture strung, his lips new-touch'd with fire.

III.—1.

Oh ! noblest of the poet-seers ;
 Oh, more than mortal bard, what power is thine !
 What magic hath thy lyre divine
 That wakes to pure delight, or melts to tears.
 To thee alone, of men, 'twas given,
 With mortal eyes, to gaze on heaven ;
 To see, where light empyreal shone,
 JEHOVAH on his flaming throne ;
 To view the cherubim, before
 The blazing presence of their God adore :
 To learn the homage angels pay ;
 To hear their lofty praise, and imitate the lay.

III.—2.

Now he on whom thy mantle fell,
 Awed by the heav'nly vision pours his prayer,

Shiggaion's notes prolong the lofty swell,
And this the praise they bear :
From Paran's mount the Holy One
Came like the brightness of the sun,
Arm'd with his arrows and his glitt'ring spear.
The starry orbs were hush'd with fear !
But hark, a plaintive voice declares at hand,
The doomsday of a guilty land,
And sad his sighing words foretell
The woes on thee to fall—God-nurtured Israel !

III.—3.

Far from Sion's holy hill,
Lo ! the muse sedate and still,
Hangs upon the willows' bough
Her harp, once sweet, but tuneless now,
And weeps o'er all her ill.
Her thoughts to distant Salem flying,
Sad she views, in ruin lying,
All the pride and towering glory,
Of the home she lov'd so well ;
Juda's field's with carnage gory,
Hinnom—made the vale of hell !

Alas ! sad land, no more the muse shall thread
By cool Siloam's stream, or Sion-hill,
But mute she bends o'er heathen rills her head,
And weeps for thee, though lost, remember'd still.
O'er her fair limbs is tatter'd sackcloth flung,
Hangs o'er her drooping head, her sorrowing lyre unstrung.

1834.

THE PROGRESS OF AMBITION.

A Poem delivered before the Eucleians of the University of New York,
in Clinton Hall, March, 1835.

What though Ambition and her dark career
On History's page adorn'd and bright appear !
What though the muse has wak'd the living lyre,
And sung her fame with inspiration's fire !
What though sweet Rhetoric, in her words that glow,
Has join'd a halo round her name to throw !
Stripp'd of her mask, how soon her glories die !
How fade her charms in Truth's unbias'd eye !

How hideous then—how vile her features seem !
Her course, how drear !—her glory, what a dream !
She, when as yet the substance of a world
Chaotic lay, in starless midnight hurl'd ;
When perfect spirits round th' eternal throne,
Tun'd their soft harps, rebellion yet unknown ;
When white-robed Virtue, and Devotion, there,
Breathed sweet contentment on the hallow'd air—
She sow'd dissension in celestial soil,
And marr'd its quiet with infernal broil.
She first incited seraphs to rebel,
And changed rapt angels into fiends of Hell ;
She from the skies erased the morning star ;
Bright Lucifer, how hast thou fallen far !
She on mankind entail'd the curse of death,
And Eden's verdure wither'd in her breath ;
Polluting breath, that gave Corruption birth,
And sent fair Virtue weeping from the earth.

But cease we here, nor tamely thus repeat
What, oft rehearsed, is barren and effete ;
Ambition's earlier fruits, which long of old
The sacred page to human wonder told ;
Which he, unequall'd bard of seraph tongue,
Enraptur'd Milton hath divinely sung,

Who caught, like old Prometheus, heavenly fire,
And in th' Empyrean strung his golden lyre.

Be not mine aim, with unfledg'd wing, to soar
To themes which angels tremble to explore ;
Enough for me her later deeds to show ;
Enough her Progress through this world below !

On Shinar's plain see first a tower arise,
'That lifts its summit to the frowning skies !
'This, the vain builders toil from year to year.
As a memorial of their fame to rear ;
Fill'd by Ambition with her restless flame,
And panting ardent for enduring fame,
Their hope profane would scale the throne of God :
'Their bold presumption dares defy his rod !
But hark ! confusion murmurs through the plain,
And man hath learn'd that war with Heaven is vain.

Far in the East, Assyria's strength and pride,
A city stood, her ramparts strong and wide ;
Hers were rich spoils from barbarous nations torn,
And the rich ore from golden Ophir borne ;
Tall were her temples, and her gardens fair
That bloom'd on high, with odours fill'd the air :
Then did rich Plenty all her stores display,
And there did Earth her trembling homage pay.

Long had her splendours fill'd the world with awe,
And farthest monarchs envied as they saw ;
Long had rich conquest added pride to pride,
And stretch'd her empire o'er the nations wide ;
And long in glory's solitude, her throne
Had stood most high, unrivall'd and alone.

But now innumerable hosts, from Persia's land,
Surround her bulwarks—a victorious band,
By Cyrus led, from Sardis' rocky hold,
Where glides Pactolus over sands of gold.
He, though possessor of the boundless store
Of Cræsus' riches, sateless sought for more,
But dearer panting for the wreath of fame,
To thy green borders, old Euphrates, came !

Sad was that advent to Assyria's pride ;
Her grandeur perish'd, and her glory died ;
The Persian lord usurp'd her ruin'd throne,
For he had conquer'd—but not he alone !
An arm unseen, his arm victorious made :
A God, to whom his vows were never paid,
Laid bare Euphrates' bed, and oped a path
For him, the unconscious minister of wrath.

How burn'd Ambition in thy sons, oh Greece !
Untamed in warfare, conquerless in peace ;

What time, where bright Alpheus rolls its waves,
In sacred Pisa met athletic braves,
Long train'd to wield the ponderous gauntlet well,
Or in the airy foot-race to excel !

There from thy tribes and distant islands came,
Each bold aspirant for the wreath of fame ;
There laurell'd heroes, statesmen, princes, sought
The olive crown—small prize, but dearly bought ;
There kings resorted with their vassal train,
And throng'd the lists, the rich reward to gain ;
There, too, rapt bards their pilgrim visits paid,
And sung the games by old Alcides made.

Not theirs the fault, not their's the paltry pride,
'That such free contest to the poor denied ;
But all they welcomed, in whose ardent breast
Burn'd the high hope, and passion unrepress'd.

Now, while all breasts with warm Ambition glow,
They wield the gauntlet, or the discus throw ;
Now, wrestling strong, each manly muscle strain,
Or guide the chariot o'er the sounding plain ;
Now, too, while thousands lend the listening ear,
Athletic minds in sager strife appear ;
The wise historian all his lore displays ;
The minstrel sings the joyous victor's praise

And Rhetoric sweet, from honey'd lips that flows,
Upon the throng its magic influence throws.

There too, perchance, the Theban eagle sings,
Unrivall'd Pindar, bard of loftiest wings,
Who ever strove to swell the victor's heart
With some rich tribute of his tuneful art ;
There, too, in earliest days, the ancient sage,
The sire of History, brought his storied page,
Which, smit with love, th' admiring nations heard,
And thankful honours on each tome conferr'd.

Ambition, if of deeds that thou hast done,
There be a noble or a worthy one ;
If the dark history that describes thy path,
One page unsoil'd, one tale of beauty hath ;
If one bright spot in all thy dark career
May e'er be found, that oasis is here !
For them 'twas highest virtue, to succeed
At these deep sports, and win the conqueror's meed.
Their country's glory was their noblest aim ;
Their greatest ill, that well-loved country's shame ;
For, unillumed with rays that on us shine
With holy light of righteousness divine,
Their best devotions were to sculptured stone ;
Their holiest altar to the God unknown.

Lo, Macedonia ! on the Theban plain
Thy youthful monarch hath array'd his train ;
With dauntless ardour, and with vigour bold,
He wreaks his vengeance on the strengthen'd hold ;
Cadmeia falls, and smouldering ruins tell
How great a prize to boyish prowess fell.
Soon gorgeous Persia, with her rich array,
And sea-built Tyre, become the stripling's prey ;
Philistian Gaza to his valour yields,
And farthest Ind resigns her spicy fields.
Thus he, victorious o'er the peopled earth,
Like some fell comet, spread dismay and dearth ;
Thus, too, the Roman in his wild career,
Insatiate Cæsar, fill'd the world with fear ;
And where he came, whole empires blench'd away,
Like gilded clouds before the blaze of day.

On that sad field where Pompey's standard fell,
Let Cæsar's tears Ambition's triumphs tell ;
Or lone and lost, Earth's greenest vale along,
His wilder'd rival, shall in doleful song
To Fancy's ear, lament for Fortune's scale,
And tell the groves the same eternal tale,
How he that rules o'er half the world to-day,
Shall seek a hut, escaped the morrow's fray ;

In Tempe's glades, no soft seclusion find
To heal the anguish of a rankling mind ;
But mute, or muttering, from its haunted air,
Fly o'er the seas, to find a murderer there ;
His friends—one slave ;—his pile—a shattered prore,
Great Pompey, dust : and Rome—old Rome no more.

And Rome itself—so strong, so nobly plann'd,
Must bow—as builded—by Ambition's hand ;
When o'er her towers, that totter at his nod,
The Hun avenger rears the scourge of God,
And gives to Pagod Priests, a puny prey,
The Iron realm of golden Lore and Lay.
Ambition then, in Peter's fabled chair,
Outpours her vials on the darken'd air,
Till close the mists of ignorance around,
And midnight broodeth to the utmost bound.

Then, save perchance, where flared some cloister'd ray,
The light of Science fled from Earth away :
Then Superstition on the souls of men,
Made fast her chains and held her sway again :
Then too fair Freedom slumber'd in the grave,
And o'er her memory roll'd Oblivion's wave.

Then too the Hermit to the slavish world,
The pseudo-banner of the Cross unfurl'd ;

But say, did true desire their God to aid,
Lead Europe's armies to the vain crusade !
Burn'd then so pure, what since has grown so dim,
The love of God, and holy zeal for him !
Answer, fair Albion, did just cause enrol,
In their fierce ranks thy chief of Lion soul !
Answer, ye blood-dyed fields of groaning Earth,
Was such wild project of celestial birth !
Or ye bleach'd bones in lands remote, that lie,
Did righteous anger lead you forth to die !
Or did Ambition draw the futile blade,
Still fiend at heart, though angel-like array'd,
That o'er the Earth in gory chariot borne,
Drank deep delight in making thousands mourn !

Lo, from the regions of the dreary North,
The Swedish warrior bursts in terror forth ;
But, as the bark that crowds the swelling sail,
With rudder lost, is shipwreck'd by the gale,
So he, impell'd by wild Ambition's force,
Without discretion to direct his course,
Unpitied falls, his glories unenjoy'd,
His world ungain'd—and yet his soul destroy'd.

Next, verdant Gallia, on thy vine-clad hills,
Is drawn the falchion that dismays and kills :

There floats the banner of devouring war,
There mad Ambition mounts her blood-stain'd car.
Weep, ill-starr'd Europe! ere her sword be sheath'd
In blood-dyed laurels shall her brow be wreath'd,
And all thy thrones confess the power of one,
By her inspired—the stripling Corsican!
Aye, and sad Afric shall his prowess feel,
When towering Egypt at his feet shall kneel.
Unequall'd warrior of unequall'd fame:
Unequall'd murderer of unequall'd shame!
Him the strong passion that his actions sway'd
To heights untrodden, by frail man convey'd:
To airy heights, where silent glaciers froze,
Where, beak'd for prey, Gaul's empire-eagles rose,
When that dark soul, that triumph'd in the storm,
Rear'd o'er the world, his world-subduing form.

But oh, Ambition, faithless is thy smile,
Awhile that flatters, that deceives awhile;
That to the skies exalts its victim quite,
To plunge him deeper in oblivion's night!
Thus, led by thee, o'er paths before untrod,
Thy dauntless favourite is but just a God;
But see, where roars the fray of Waterloo,
Droops the bold eagle that unequall'd flew:

Again behold him, caged by Ocean's bound,
 Whet his starv'd beak, and view the waves around ;
 And trail a wing, to that lone mountain chain'd
 Whose soaring flight the world had scarce contain'd.

Ambition, while that Island of the sea,
 Rears her lone front, mankind shall think of thee ;
 And the hoarse waves that lash its rugged shore,
 Shall sound a warning in their ceaseless roar !

THE BLUES.

Ἄλλοτε μὲν τὲ γόῳ φρενα τέρπομαι
 Αἰψηρὸς δὲ κόρος κρυεροῦτο γόοιο·

Odyss. IV. 102

I.

Oh, blest resource when other sources fail,
 Neglected quill,—I welcome thee again.
 How pleasant 'tis a good old friend to hail
 After long absence. Come my inky pen,
 Now for a ramble, or a distant sail
 Where chance may lead us—far from haunts of men.

Full oft before we've pilgrims been together,
And nought but Death shall part us, faithful Feather !

II.

Now I am ready ; for I ask no Muse
To hover o'er me and suggest my lay :
My theme itself inspires me. Blessed Blues !
Ye are about me or by night or day ;
You've taught me sonnets to my sweetheart's shoes,
And help'd me many a thing in rhyme to say ;
And now ye are my subject—I've no doubt
But when I sing of you—you'll help me out.

III.

And now 'tis midnight—Hark ! the distant bell
Of some old steeple chimes the dismal hour .
When goblins grim, and spectres, 'scape from Hell,
To range the shrouded landscape, or to scour
The blasted heath benighted. Legends tell
That oft they revel near some ruin'd tower,
While the gaunt moon, careering through the sky,
Smiles on foul scenes unfit for mortal eye.

IV.

But if they're revelling any where to-night,
They might as well go back from whence they came,
For the wind howls full sad enough to fright
Ev'n fiends themselves from their infernal game ;
And the rain patters down with fearful might,
Oft dashing 'gainst my window. Who's to blame,
If on a night like this the ghosts should see
Fit to keep home—and leave the world to me ?

V.

But yet there's music in the howling blast,
That brings the distant chiming from the fane ;
There's music in the rain drops, falling fast
And dashing often 'gainst the broken pane ;
There's music in the thunder, that at last
Breaks in hoarse muttering upon night's dull reign :
And there is music to my lonely ear
Ev'n in the cricket's chirpings that I hear.

VI.

For oh, my soul hath sympathy with sounds
So desolate as these. No song of mirth,

Or wassail shout, that oft re-echoing bounds
From the arch'd banquet-hall, to greet the birth
Of long-expected heir, or that resounds
To hail the triumph of some lord of earth,
Could ever please my ear. I love the strain
That tells me life how fleeting—earth how vain.

VII.

But where's the Blues? I was to write of them.
The Blues? Why only once re-read my lay,
And you're, indeed, a man of stubborn phlegm
If you don't find them in each word I say.
But here a current, which 'tis hard to stem,
Sets in and carries me another way.
I do not like an episode, but then
I'm not to blame, I've got a truant pen.

VIII.

Didst ever listen to a simple thing
They call *ÆOLUS' HARP*? The toy is made
In many forms—but draw a silken string
Tight in your casement—(in the breezy shade,
These airy harps are sweetest,)—soon 'twill sing,
And soft will swell its voice; and then 'twill fade.

No human fingers sweep its magic strings,
But unseen spirits fan it with their wings.

IX.

And now the storm is hush'd, and the still air
Would love to listen to such strains as those ;
I'll place it in my window ; it shall there
Lift its calm voice where late the tempest rose,
For it is beautiful that breezes fair
Should sing a requiem to the blast's repose.
And there is something charming in the time,
This stilly hour just suits so drear a chime !

X.

Hark ! now it sings. 'Tis sweet, oh breezy lyre !
To listen to thy voice when sad and lone.
'Tis soothing to the soul (as o'er each wire
The breezes creep) to catch thy plaintive tone.
'Tis good to cherish what thy notes inspire,
'Tis solacing to echo back thy moan ;
And it is pleasing as I sigh with thee
To dream I have thine artless sympathy.

XI.

For thou art Melancholy's shell. Thy lay
Is her inspiring ; and thy dreary plaint,
Now swelling full, now dying soft away,
Is but her voice, and mild it is, and faint,
And mellow as the colours which the day
Leaves in his golden pathway, and doth paint
On the blue sky at evening ; when his light,
Just flickering in the West bids Earth good night.

XII.

So come—so pass thy murmurings. I, the while
Well-pleased, commune with loneliness, and prove
That melancholy's self may wear a smile,
For gloomy are the pleasures that I love ;
And oft I wish me cast on desert isle,
Where I might wander like the trembling dove
And find no rest—yet happy in my woe,
To feel such hardships as none others know.

XIII.

Ah ! no—I wish not thus, save when I feel
That there are none on-earth to care for me.

But when I think of home—or break the seal
Of some far-travell'd letter, meant to be
The vicar of a kiss—Ah! then will steal
Such sighs as witness that 'tis agony
To be alone—to live where none are near,
To share a sorrow, or to dry a tear!

XIV.

Well—let that pass. The harp that prompts these lays,
Played by the wanton breeze, still pensive sings.
Why should it mourn so constant? Gloomy days
And human ills touch not its magic strings.
But still it grieves unchanging, still obeys
Some hidden spirit's magic fingerings.
And still its syren accents lure my soul
To deeper gloom, and hold it in controul.

XV.

And so I'll stop it. It shall sing no more.
I thought that it might soothe me—but I fear
That I'm not sooth'd—I'm sadder than before.
And though the minstrel breeze hath charm'd mine ear,
It hath but probed a heart already sore,
And made more dreary what 'twas meant to cheer.

Those villain sprites have dyed me deeper blue,
But that just suits my subject—so 'twill do.

XVI.

Now why do I sit here ? I ought to be
Pressing my pillow at this lonely time :
But even then, in troubled dreams I'd see
All that while waking I reduce to rhyme.
The mind (as schoolmen say) is ever free,
So sometimes is the body. Where's the crime,
If that's the case, in doing as I choose ?
'Tis just this time of night that suits the Blues.

XVII.

My books are piled before me. There I see
Thy much-loved poems, Cowper. There, too, thine,
Blithe Thomson, which so much enamour'd me
When I a schoolboy read them—every line
Breathing a grateful fragrance worthy thee.
There, Milton, is thy rapturous song divine,
That to our eyes such scenes of glory brings,
As half repay us for the Loss it sings.

XVIII.

There, too, is thy thin volume, lazy Gray,
That tells the world how great thou might'st have been!
That shows three lofty lyrics, and a lay
The like of which the world hath never seen.
And there, together bound, are Pope and Gay,
And Collins wisely slipp'd the two between.
There, mighty Shakspeare, are thy wondrous plays!
Like thy dread self—a marvel and a maze.

XIX.

There, heap'd together in one classic pile,
Lie the rich treasures of once-glorious Rome.
There, too, the offerings of each Grecian isle,
The hymns of Pindar, and old Homer's tome,
And gay Anacreon's lays—'neath which the while
Rest certain scraps that touch me nearer home.
Come out, my scribblings—Well! what have we here?
The WORLD—A POEM, and an ODE TO, FEAR.

XX.

Ah, yes, I know them well. The first I wrote
When sick of earth, and most content to die.

The next I but began. Why is't we dote
On such poor things, and with a parent's eye
Regard their beauties—and will scarcely note
Their faults though glaring? I cannot tell why ;
But this I know—that in some way or other
Men love their children better than a brother.

XXI.

But how I wander! Were the Blues my theme?
They were when I begun—but ah, I stray.
E'en as one trav'ling in a troubled dream
Now treads a thorny, now a flowery way,
Now climbs a highland, now glides down the stream,
Now gropes in darkness, and now sees the day,
Lo! I—(no wonder at this time of night)
In waking dreams scarce know which way is right.

XXII.

Well! 'tis a privilege to stray. One feels
A rankling fester when he's kept at home,
But freed—at once the loathsome plague-spot heals.
Oh, 'tis a blessed privilege to roam ;
So thinks the truant schoolboy when he peals
His full-mouthed hurrah. In the starry dome

Nature hath taught us that 'tis blest to stray,
For there the planets hold their wandering way.

XXIII.

I'll e'en look out and view them. Now the noon
Of night is pass'd. From out yon Eastern cloud,
Last remnant of the storm, the full orb'd moon
Is breaking like a beauty from her shroud ;
And now she danceth to some sphery tune,
Upon the misty carpet 'neath her bow'd,
How sweet she smiles as bright she climbs the air !
Who knows but spirits blest inhabit there ?

XXIV.

Yet there's a mockery in thy smile, fair light,
That seems to laugh at all thou see'st below.
And when I gaze on thee so pure and bright,
And smiling all so calm—when I, with wo
And cares distress'd, am grieving, then thy sight
Makes my o'erburden'd heart to overflow.
How canst thou smile, cold moon, when thou dost see
From thy safe distance all Earth's misery !

XXV.

E'en now ten thousand languish. 'Neath thine eye

Ten thousand groan, and on their couches turn
Their restless limbs. Alas ! how many a sigh

From those who famish and from those who burn,
And from the millions who in cities lie

Gnaw'd on by pestilence, thine ear doth spurn.
But still thou shinest on, and keep'st thy way,
Dazzling the stars : till quench'd thyself by day.

XXVI.

And day begins to quench thee even now ;

For in the East the herald star appears.

Gaily he trippeth o'er the mountain's brow

While morn her rosy face all blushing rears.

Thus cheerful comes bright Phosphor—yet I trow

By all not welcomed. Some he finds in tears,
And dreading his approaching—'tis to some
The bitterness of death to see him come.

XXVII.

But thee—who from thy couch at midnight rose,

To cheat the sullen hours with rhymes like these,

He finds still waking—reckless of repose,
Save that which Earth shall give thee, 'neath the trees
That wave above a spot thy memory knows ;
Where soon thy head must rest, and where the breeze
Sighs through the branches that above it twine,
And wails the only dirge that ever shall be thine.

April, 1836.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

Imitated, in part, from the Latin of Milton, *Ad Patrem*, and addressed
to my Father.

MY FATHER, if to thee, the Spring I owe
Of Life itself, since Heaven hath will'd it so,
Now more I owe thee, than a mortal birth,
In Faith and Love, the only life on Earth !
For more than titles of the worldly great,
Learning makes noble with the best estate,

And decks the son, while yet the sire doth live,
With brighter stars than heritage can give ;
Oh happy lot so rich an heir to be,
And more than wealth, in still beholding thee.

And now with joy Urbana's walls I spurn,
And, in the world, begin at length to learn.
No more a boy, no more a tutor's care,
Nor yet a cloister'd academic there,
No more shall Latin and a flickering light,
And dread tomorrow, rob me of the night ;
Nor yet that morrow, in the chapel dim,
Where ill-play'd stops outroar the students' hymn,
Mid wrangling dunces, make me sit to bear
A levelling vile, and odious compare ;
Bored with the squabbles of a mimic state,
And vex't with words and wit of little weight.

Fear not, I leave the College for the town,
Or drop the scholar with my threadbare gown,
For worse than e'en the farces of the Hall,
I count full rout, and bright levee or ball ;
And other—better—on the opening stage,
Are plans and pleasures that my hopes engage.
I only mean the sickness that I feel,
When o'er the Past my sober memories steal ;

Convinc'd that College, in this land of ours,
Means only mortar, brick, and flimsy towers,
Where fools waste time, and hold their betters back
To plod with asses an eternal track ;
And vex their masters—if they chance to be
Such as I reverence for their gifts to me,
With coarse backwoodsman grunt, and stupid gape,
At Pindar's verse, or Plato's prose mayhap,
Without one thought—or in that thought they err,
When Pindar sung—who Plato's heroes were.

Oh, 'tis enough to make a mourner laugh
To see a College giving sheep to calf,
With lies on parchment, and a loud degree,
To make him seem, what dunces cannot be ;
To see the schools of but a year before,
In some new city, aping Oxford's lore ;
To see each clamouring sect new charters buy,
To tag their several high-priests with a lie,
And fix the doctor's sage degree to names
That suit the signboard's glitter, but not fame's ;
Names that belong to heads that cannot tell
What means the Latin, which they scarce can spell,
Whose deck'd diplomas, from the kindly schools,
For aught they know, have set them forth as fools,

Or class'd, with Buffon's skill, as hybrid beasts,
Men, taught the tailor's craft, who use the priest's.
Oh, it should grieve the patriot, thus to find
Ev'n schools conspiring to degrade the mind,
And shower the names of scholars wide around,
To hide the leanness of a mushroom ground,
Where *raree-show*, and *hey-dey* would be cried,
If that odd thing—a scholar—could be spied !

Not worse than others is the school I leave,
But thus I've heard her own professors grieve ;
Who blush to wear their now degraded name,
And drudge in duties common-schools should claim,
For poor reward—and insults hard to bear,
From sons of bloated tradesmen lounging there,
Who will not learn—and cannot if they would,
Yet keep their places, while their fees are good,
Till four long years grind out the finish'd class,
And fill their place with others, ass for ass.

Such scenes I leave, to herd with such no more,
But that I so have herded, to deplore.
'Tis not to leave the studies that I love,
But now unfetter'd in their fields to rove ;
'Tis not to haunt gay life—or lazy rest,
For there I'd meet once more what I detest ;

But oh, to kindle o'er old Pindar's lines,
And leave below me squares, and cubes, and sines,
To dally sometimes with Anacreon's flowers,
Unstung with thorny logarithmic powers ;
To court old Homer, in a pleasant mood,
Where tasks in Napier's galley can't intrude ;
To woo the Sisters, where no warning beat
Breaks Dante's dream, and calls where grovellers meet ;
To see old worlds, old visions there revive,
Talk in old words and in old dramas live !

Yet friends I leave—the noble and the few ;
And friends who lately were my tutors too ;
And some who hate me.—Some alas ! are dead,
Who came with me, but long before me fled,
The wit, the dear companion, and the gay,
Once daily friends—now where, oh where are they !
Sweet be their sleep, and o'er their quiet urn,
Bright let the memory of their virtues burn ;
Glad may they rise—nor let it be for men,
To heave their dust or speak their faults till then !

For me—the dreary world before me lies,
And heights still higher than high mountains rise,
Hills of good fame, and steeps that must be won,
E'er o'er their tops descends my setting Sun.

Yet not the Fame, the proud Achievement's self
Spurs deep resolve, and scorn of price and pelf ;
The heights that challenge are themselves the prize,
Themselves no goal to eagle wing and eyes,
No bound to soul—for o'er their tallest height,
Stretch glorious worlds, more beautiful and bright,
Realms of pure ether—and the stars above,
Whose sight gives wings, and lifts to worlds of love.

So not from Earth—from realms above its clay,
I hope to fly, when I am call'd away,
And heavenward still, unstay'd by aught below,
I pant to rise, but let my plumage grow.
Then, oh my father, on the beaten road,
If loth to drudge, I spurn the earthling's goad,
Why should'st thou frown, in paths more free and wild
If thine aspires to be the Muse's child,
And walk where fruits, on rosy branches hung,
Feed while they cheer, and fix him where they sprung ;
Where wisdom dwelleth in seclusion blest,
And courts the spirit that would share its nest,
Where air is pure, and elevates, and fires,
Inebriates never—evermore inspires,
And lifts the soul, which fetters gall and bind,
To soar with them, and leave the world behind.

'Tis not for all, in stole and holy weed,
To wage his warfare who for man did bleed ;
Not mine the sword, not mine the cross to rear,
But mine the war-song, and the notes that cheer.

And oft to me, thy voice was wont to tell
Of England's Hastings, and how Harold fell.
Not then alone, the Norman to the field
Came with red crosslet on his blade and shield,
But Roland's glory, by the minstrel told,
And Ronsceval, inspir'd their legions bold.
'Then the long battle, dread, and direly fraught,
Raged music-fired, and hymns like falchions fought ;
'Till drown'd awhile—again at set of sun,
Te Deum rose for crown and kingdom won.

'Then dream'st thou, Father, battling for the Lord,
Faith should lack song to whet the soldier's sword !
Those songs divine—that not like old pæan,
Delight the victor—soothe the vanquish'd man,
Yea, heal the wounded, and revive the sore,
'Till captives smile, and own them foes no more ?

Oh, if I give me to be faithful so,
May not thy blessing crown me as I go !
Give but thy smile—I'll face the forest wild,
And trust my harp to make the journey mild !

So once the minstrel through the desert went,
Fearless of ill, and poor, but all content ;
His harp his solace and his shield as well,
Yea, his strong sword, if aught of ill befel.
Ev'n prowling beasts confess'd the power of song ;
The cubless wolf slunk slow and tame along ;
The robber listen'd in his cavern'd hold,
Wept o'er his youth, and gave the poet gold ;
And birds of air allured anear, 'tis said,
Like Cherith's ravens, brought the poet bread ;
He on his way still sung, and boldly pass'd,
Heaven his high theme, and his reward at last.

They sin who trifle with that holy art,
God's gift to few—the best he can impart,
Not theirs to squander, or on toys exhaust,
But theirs to give in heartfelt holocaust.
'Their names shall rot, who, blest with such a prize,
Have all forgot they held it from the skies ;
While he alone, who knows whence all is given,
And heaven-inspir'd, can sing the lays of Heaven,
Shall gain on Earth, for rabble shouts of fame,
The people's wonder, and the world's acclaim,
The praise of prophet, and anointed priest,
And good men's favour—an eternal feast ;

Nay more, for there, where fancy-led he flew,
Soon, guest no more, he shall inherit too,
And still a poet, perfect unto Him,
He shall sing on, mid fellow-cherubim,
And in that only art, exult and love,
That here begun, shall never end above,
That still sings on, when altars cease to blaze,
And bold Apostles preach no more, but praise.

Remember'st thou, when first, with boyish heart,
I trode the threshold, whence I now depart,
And long it seem'd the course I must pursue,
So short, alas! in retrospective view;
Remember'st thou, in Milton's sounding line,
I made his pleadings to his father, mine!
In Milton's Latin then I dared to tell
My own heart's choice—and naught could speak so well!
Each word, each thought, each feeling, and each tone,
It seem'd the classic mirror of my own!
Mine rough and rude, the instinct of a boy;
And his the utterance which I found with joy.
Oh, unlike me, in ev'n his youth a sage,
The travell'd pilgrim of each ancient page,
I yet, like him, a father's love had found,
For my strong impulse, too severe a bound,

And yearn'd to break, yet dared not disobey,
Till thus I spoke in imitative lay,
And trusted then, in Milton's might divine,
As scarce I trust me, when I make them mine.

Now, of all foes, that thou the Muse should'st spurn,
Is strange indeed—thyself so wont to burn.
In thy dear rhetoric, oft my father, song
Wings thy pure words, and makes ev'n strength more
strong ;

And Rhetoric's self, her sister undefil'd,
Herself a Muse, makes thee a Muse's child ;
And what the numbers—what the flimsy art,
If thine the thing, and power to touch the heart !
Our God himself would serve Him of the twain,
Of sire and son would fair proportion gain,
So gave thee gifts, and humbler gifts to me,
Five talents mine, the more than ten to thee !

But thou, my father, when thou fain would'st scorn
The tender Muse, and nam'st her sons forlorn,
Scorn'st not, I deem : but ev'n from earliest year,
For what he is, thou didst thy pupil rear.
Oh, not thy son thou bad'st in error stray,
The trodden path, and wealth's more certain way ;

No teaching thine to make mine eyesight ope,
Greedy of gain, and traffic's golden hope ;
Nor, stunn'd with brawl, and bored with patient ears,
'To noisy codes, didst thou subject my years,
To warp the soul, to plead the villain's cause,
And curse the nation's unregarded laws.
Oh, kindlier thou, and careful of my mind,
To make me rich in Wisdom's gold refin'd,
Me from the city's clamour, far retired,
Thou gav'st to go, where holy shades inspired,
Student of Beauty, in the poet grove,
A blest companion of the Muse to rove.

A thousand lesser gifts thou gav'st thy son,
Yet most I bless thee for this glorious one,
The love of Letters—Wisdom's golden store,
And the high prompting—could I ask for more !
When, by thy care, the lore of Rome was mine,
And the proud tongue of Latium's lordly line,
And yet the language which Immortals speak,
And God might love, the soul's own glorious Greek,
Thou too persuasive, mad'st my language dance,
In parlour measures to the notes of France,
And mimic some the smooth degenerate South,
In words half music, from Italia's mouth,

Nay more—thou gav'st in German maze to plod,
And Judah's letters, mystical as God.
Yes, noble father ! all that Earth contains,
And much of Heaven that o'er this earthly reigns,
Thou, all-impulsive, bad'st me search and know,
And ever growing, still delight to grow.
Me, half-obeying, loving to obey,
Bless, oh my father ! ere I turn away,
And choose henceforth, in shades where sages throng,
Though last and least, to wend with joy along.
There from the world, and far from vulgar eyes,
Where solemn ivy weaves the poet's prize,
I'll sit alone, and woo divine content,
Spurn envy's leer, and scorn the sad lament.
The serpent-brood, in noisier walks that be,
Shall hiss no more, nor spit their froth at me,
As lone with God, I lift me high above
The tender mercies of their viper-love,
And in the sunshine, where the good may go,
Bear my high breast, too lofty for their blow.

But thou, my father, since no deeds can pay
For all thy love—accept my grateful lay !
Oh, not with hope a recompense to give :
I pledge remembrance while this heart shall live,

And, next to God—a faithful son will be
In deep regard, and humble love to thee!

And ye, all artless numbers of my youth,
Ye boyish lays, my simple sports, in sooth,
If only I might hope that ye would live,
And the dark burial of myself survive,
Not doom'd, like me, to bow ere long to death,
But breathe my spirit, when I yield my breath,
Oh, then these numbers of a school-boy lyre,
Might long embalm the virtues of my sire,
The bright exemplar, in their love to me,
Of future sires, and sons that yet shall be.

1838.

TO A LADY.

THIS NIGHT I COME OF AGE.

BEAR with me ! I must talk of self awhile,
 For self seems dying from me : and my life
 Hath come to a strange passage ; a ravine
 Cross'd by a bridge which Art, not Nature, throws,
 To lead us from our childhood, and our home.

I go from mine own country : from the fields
 My boyhood loved ; the circle and the scenes
 That first were pictured on my filming eye.

I seek no fairer, but I needs must go,
 Push'd by the sinewy fist of deaf old Time,
 Into that untried region, where, so soon,
 I shall be rank'd and titled citizen.

I cannot bear it, but I travel on ;
 The rural way must in a turnpike end,
 A dusty, travell'd, beaten highway-road,
 Where with swift wheels some whirl the hours away,
 Choking with clouds of dust the passenger,

That toils afoot ; and some go limping slow,
Or hand in hand plod down the thoroughfare,
The weariest, ever longest on the journey.
And there I too must mingle with the crowd,
Swell the funereal train, and knell'd along,
Unheeded mid the moving multitudes,
To that far country be a pilgrim bound,
That hath no ebbing from its tided shore.

Manhood—it hath a foreign sound to me,
Nor would I thither immigrate so soon !
I've seen strange pictures of its wretchedness ;
And love the landscapes of my home too well.
Why must I leave my Boyhood ! 'Tis the clime
That I was born in ; and its language too
Is dear to me, unlike all other tongues,
Fresh from the heart in accents natural !
But now farewell my country !—When again
The hour-bell tolls, I am exiled for aye ;
And men shall find me like the Hebrew maid,
Beside the rivers of that Babylon,
My harp upon the willows, but mine eyes
Weeping, dear Boyhood, when I think of thee.

My mother ! Is it strange I think of thee,
In this strong hour of ailing ? Blessed one !

Ever in sorrow, there was none like thee ;
In sickness thy dear voice was medicine ;
In every evil, thou wast still my good ;
And thou wilt pardon, what I'm thinking, mother,
How one-score years and one, ago, this night,
Of a Whitsunday even—bless the Lord,
That set my birth for that high festival !
Thou gavest me to life, and this strange world.
And I'm alive so long, to praise my Maker,
Not only for such life, but such a mother.
And I do praise Him : and I praise thee too,
Model of mothers ; though I own, in truth,
Thy teaching always foster'd pride in me ;
For all thy pruning of thy wayward twig,
Thy maxims, and examples of high merits,
And ev'n thy lessons of humility,
Served but to make me boastful of my birth,
That I was son to such a very angel.
Mother, forgive me ! But thy name—my mother,
Sounds musical with many harmonies :
Tells me sweet stories of a thousand loves ;
Makes me remember mine abandon'd Eden,
Calls up old tears, old smiles, old memories,
And lives me o'er my life-time, at its mention ;

So that I love to syllable *my mother*,
When I would be a child again, and feel
The very real of the words she taught me,
That Heaven itself is but a home of children.

I've lived my Seven ages, in my first,
All but old age, and second childishness ;
And in them all I've been the idle truant,
And lounging lover, with a doleful song.
For I was lover from my cradle-clothes,
And always had a sweetheart and a passion !
Dear shapes, and dazzling—one by one, they warm'd me,
And one by one, went dim before another ;
While prosed in vain the brow-writ moralist,
And with a pleasant sophistry, I loved
The lovely much, and then the lovelier more !
Dreams of past slumbers !—in my fancy's eye
Their portraits are all breathing ; and 'tis sweet
To look upon the glorious gallery ;
Like one in ancient mansions, that is told,
Of every dame upon the tap'stried walls,
She was a famous beauty—in her day.

And pleasant legends are entwined with all,
Of unreturning hours. The moon is out,
And mocks me with the memories of scenes

Which not alone, it lighted ; with the times
Of daylight suit, and evening serenade ;
The stealthy pace along the glistening grass ;
The notes that rose upon the scented air,
In one fair garden overgrown with flowers ;
And then the peering eyes that sparkled down,
Of those that praised, and loved me ! Yonder cloud
Hath tarnish'd moonlight not so shiveringly,
As Thought will oft o'ershadow Memory !

Curtains beseem the pictures of the dead,
And ev'n our follies need a sober veil :
Their lights and shadows, words may ne'er engrave.
Departed Boyhood ! It bequeathes me yet,
What I will keep—so my good angels help me !
The keepsakes, and the good estate it gather'd.
No more a boy—yet will I glean from childhood,
Some fruits that grow not in a deeper soil ;
A childlike conscience, and a childlike trust,
And childlike eyes, to look abroad at nature ;
And childlike love, without its childish folly,
Will glisten like a diamond from the mine,
A clear first-water jewel, in the foil
Of sterner years, and manhood in its prime !

And I would keep a heart that's tender yet

To every weeping brother ; and for these
I'll be contented, if my boyish sports
Must go with boyhood. Then adieu the wood,
The swim, the dive, the frolics of the water,
The sail-boat, and the mimic admiral,
And the quick battle with my dearest mate !
Henceforth they'll call me man, and I must lose
Childhood, that vision of a few short summers,
That comes but once in Immortality.
Years have a longer Spring-time in proportion,
And Spring a longer May ; sweet flowers and fruit
Are longer in the bud ; the yellow grain
Sprouts not so speedy into harvest-time ;
And all the short-lived things of this poor Earth
Have long beginnings, to their little lives.
But Man, that dureth through Eternity,
And lasteth long as God, outliveth all
That he beholdeth, worlds, and suns, and spheres !
Man—the eternal—hath no time of blossom ;
Well nigh his birth, is his maturity :
His speech, his spirit, in a moment ripen,
And his mysterious soul, is cheated ever
Of Nature's feast, the thrill of its beginning,
The dew of youth, as from the morning's womb

And that fond glow of growing life and fulness,
That makes the earliest season beautiful,
As when of old the stars of morning sung.

I shall live longer than Methusalem ;
And why to man's undying, deathless years,
Should Nature grudge proportionable youth !
Why must I be a man! My spirit still
Is blithe with boyhood, when 'tis not remembering ;
It grows not old ; I feel no change in soul.
I am a boy then ! Only yesterday
I rambled all along that glorious river
Whose Indian name were worthier it than Hudson's ;
And 'twas in green Hoboken that I wandered,
And as I thrived through the alley walks,
With hat in hand, I chased the butterfly,
And mock'd the cat-bird's whistle. Far away,
I saw a knot of happy school-boys playing,
Forgetting they had stolen holiday ;
And thoughtless now of next-day's reckoning,
They roll'd their marbles, strangely orthodox,
Deeming each ill sufficient for its day.
My heart was with them : ere I was aware,
I was a truant too—the game was up,
I all forgot myself—my hat flew off,

I flung my jacket to the mossy stump ;
I thought to hear them shouting to me soon,
Come, boy, make one at taw. 'Twas very strange ;
Why don't they hail me ? I must ask myself ;
No etiquette in boyhood ! On I went
With quicken'd step ; my lips were fixt to shout,
Ho, fellows ! I've a pocket-full of new ones,
I speak for first !——when——ah, the happy faces
Clouded, and shrunk, and hush'd the merry voices,
Save one that whisper'd—'There's a man a-coming !

It pang'd me into consciousness. 'Tis so !
I see 'tis all too true. It must be true,
At length I am a man : I argue it
From the full sizes of my earliest playmates,
And in myself by statelier walking-strides,
Hoarseness of voice, and beard upon my lip.
And that's the way I know it—only so ;
And so by demonstration, proving it,
And making up my mind,—I am a man,
By double-rule-of-three ; 'tis calculation,
That noble method of old Bobadil,
Who caught a Tartar, by his algebra !
'Tis so by slate and pencil ! I am like
An eastern princess that I used to read of,

Wrought by a fairy's magic from a cat !
She was a fine fair lady, very fair ;
The Arab poets made their songs on her ;
In everything she was a very princess,
Save only when a mouse stole in the room,
Nature let out the kitten. Even so,
Methinks I'm made a man. I walk with men ;
Read ancient poets in their own land's words ;
And, by my poor diploma's courtesy,
Stand with the learn'd, wear a scholar's name,
And have no more a master, but my will.
Aye—and a dearer symptom !—even Woman
Will condescend to waste her smiles on me ;
And—sweetest argument that I'm a man,
Thou too, fair Lady, dost look up to me,
And like some purer being, beckon on
The man thou lovest, to a nobler daring,
And a stern battle with Life's angry ocean,
Thyself all ready, in thy womanhood,
To share thy part ; with me to venture forth,
And like a swan on any wave of fortune,
Outride the whelming billows gracefully.
So then I am a man ! But, like the princess,
I wear my earlier nature deeply still !

A man—save only mid a group of children ;
Save only when the ball comes bounding by me ;
Save only when I hear some shouting boy :
Save only when in woods and groves, my spirit
Gives one free leap, and snaps the flimsy cords,
That brace me down to dignified demeanour.

Boyhood hath gone, or ever I was 'ware :
Gone like the birds that have sung out their season,
And fly away, but never to return :
Gone—like the memory of a faery vision ;
Gone—like the stars that have burnt out in heaven :
Like flowers that open once a hundred years,
And have just folded up their golden petals :
Like maidenhood, to one no more a virgin ;
Like all that's bright, and beautiful, and transient,
And yet, in its surpassing loveliness,
And quick dispersion, into empty nothing,
Like its dear self alone, like Life, like Boyhood.
Now, on the traversed scene, I leave forever,
Doth Memory cast already her pale look,
And through the mellow light of by-gone summers,
Gaze, like the bride, that leaveth her home valley,
And like the Patriarch, goes she knows not where.
She, with faint-heart upon the bounding hill-top,

Turns her fair neck, one moment, unbeheld,
And through the sun-set, and her tearful eye,
Far, as her father's dwelling strains her sight,
To bless the roof-tree, and the lawn, and gardens,
Where romp her younger sisters, still at Home.

I have just waken'd from a darling dream,
And fain would sleep once more. I have been roving
In a sweet isle, and thither would return.

I have just come, methinks, from Fairyland,
And yearn to see Mab's kingdom once again,
And roam its landscapes with her ! Ah, my soul,
Thy holiday is over—play-time gone,
And a stern Master bids thee to thy task.

How shall I ever go through this rough world !
How find me older every setting sun ;
How merge my boyish heart in manliness ;
How take my part upon the tricky stage,
And wear a mask to seem what I am not !
Ah me—but I forgot ; the mimicry
Will not be long, ere all that I had feign'd,
Will be so real, that my mask will fall,
And Age act Self, uncostumed for the play.
Now my first step I take, adown the valley,
But ere I reach the foot, my pace must change ;

In hope of Immortality ! The hour,
And this my solemn lamp have cheated me :
An ivory cross, beside mine escritoir,
Has caught mine eye, and shall transmute my lay
To golden numbers, while I yet am Boy.
My song shall change ; for, by the Crucified,
I go from strength to strength, from joy to joy ;
From being unto being ! I will snatch
This germ of comfort from departing youth ;
And when the pictured primer's thrown aside,
I'll hoard its early lessons in my heart.
I shall go on through all Eternity ;
Thank God ! I only am an embryo still ;
The small beginning of a glorious soul ;
An atom that shall fill Immensity ;
A spirit, waiting for an angel's wing ;
And Lady—I will tell thee even more,
Ten thousand years from now ; if, but with thee,
I too reach Heaven, and with new language there,
When an Eternity of bliss has gone,
Bless God, for new Eternities to be !

The bell hath toll'd ! my birth-hour is upon me !
The hour that made me child, has made me man,
And bids me put all childish things away.

And I toil on, as man has ever done,
Treading the causeway, smooth with endless travel,
Since first the giants of old Time descended,
And Adam leading down our mother Eve,
In ages elder than Antiquity.
This voice so buoyant, must be all unstrung,
Like harps, that chord by chord grow musicless ;
These hands must totter on a smooth-topp'd staff,
That late could whirl the ball-club vigorously :
This eye grow glassy, that can sparkle now,
And on the dear Earth's hues look doatingly :
And these brown locks, which tender hands have twined,
In loving curls, about their taper-fingers,
Must silver soon, and bear about such snows,
As freeze away all touch of tenderness.
And then, the end of every human story
Is ever this, whatever its beginning,
To wear the robes of being—in their rags ;
To bear, like the old Tuscan's prisoners,
A corpse still with us, insupportable ;
And then to sink in Earth, like dust to dust,
And hearse forever from the gaze of men,
What long they thought—now dare to call—our relics !

Glory to Him who doth subject the same,
Keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me !
And grant me, LORD, with this the Psalmist's prayer,
Remember not the follies of my youth,
But in thy mercy, think upon me, LORD !

May, 1839.



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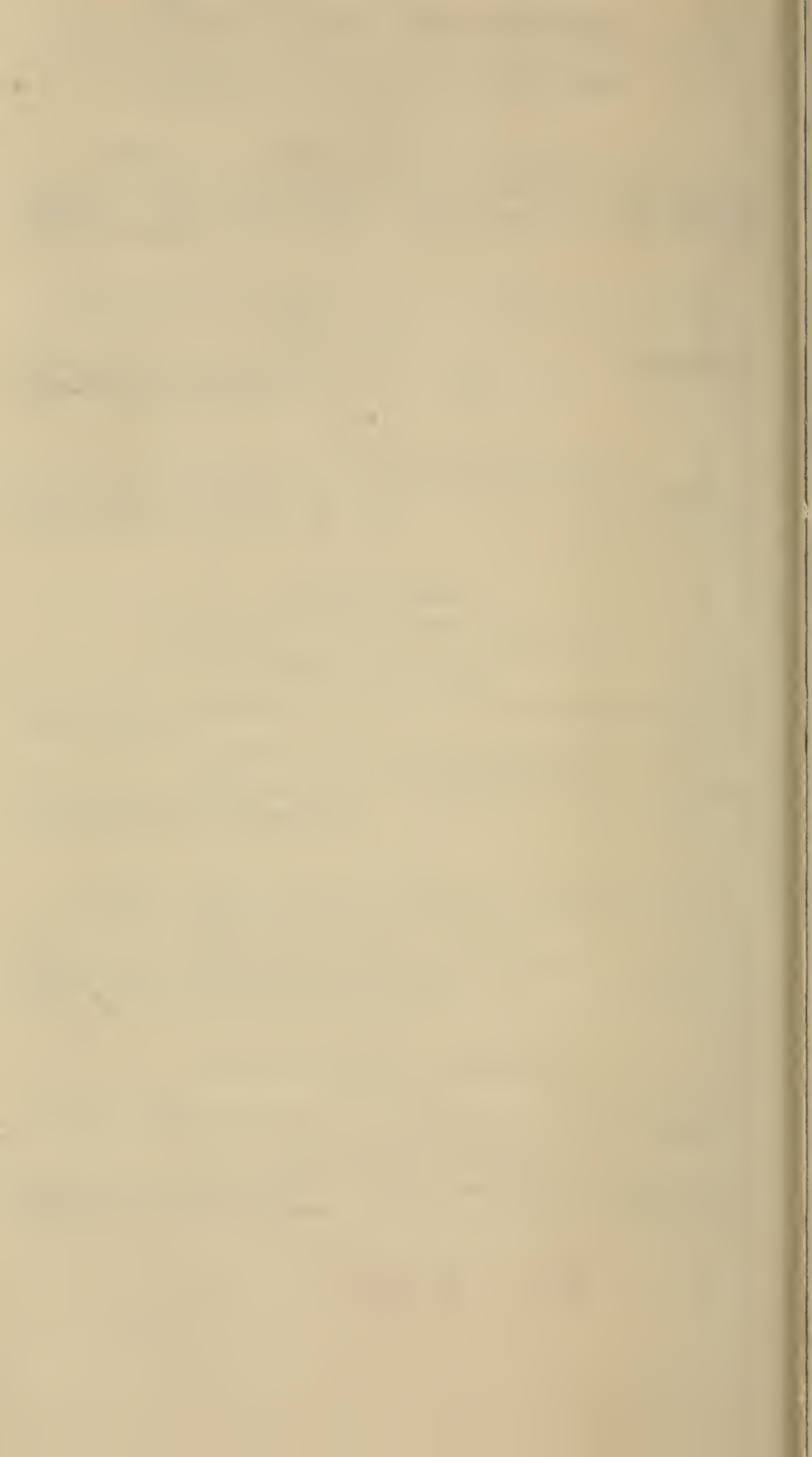
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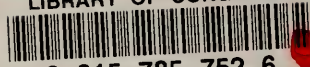
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